

Addresses

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Given in the name of Sarah Freeman (Eppis) Wheeler
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ADDRESSES.







Yours Truly
Edward Thwing

ADDRESSES

BY

EDWARD THRING

Head Master of Uppingham School, 1853-1887

WITH PORTRAIT

SECOND EDITION

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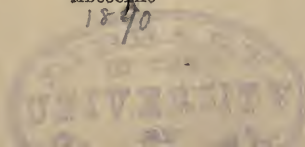
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THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED,
IN FULFILMENT OF THE AUTHOR'S WISH,
TO
GEORGE R. PARKIN,
HEAD MASTER OF THE COLLEGIATE SCHOOL,
FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK,
HIS FELLOW-WORKER OVER THE SEAS.

PREFACE.

A FEW of the Addresses delivered by my father have already been printed singly, and one or two have been circulated privately in type-writing. But as the demand for copies continued, and many friends asked him to publish them, he selected these seven to form a small companion volume to his Poems.

These Addresses, with some of the Poems, form his last literary work, and were sent to the Publisher only a few days before his fatal illness.

It has been left to me to finish a task in which he took so much interest and delight, as the first of his wishes which I can fulfil for him.

SARAH E. THRING.

The Schoolhouse,
UPPINGHAM.

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AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE
EDUCATION SOCIETY.



PRACTICAL THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION AFTER THIRTY YEARS' WORK.

THE honour you have conferred on me by making me your President accounts for my presuming to address you to-day. I pray you, if you are not pleased with what I say, take some blame on yourselves for choosing the wrong man ; for assuredly, as you wished me to try, you shall have the very best service I can give, in spite of many reasons that would make me unwilling to break silence. Yet in good truth there is no audience I should so much wish to please ; none with whose life I feel a greater sympathy ; none who have me more absolutely at their command. For I am one of yourselves to the back-bone. I come before you as a working man, as a fellow-worker ; as one who has worked up through an experience of the most varied kind ; who began very low down, and feels strongly with all struggling workers, with their weakness, their faint-heartedness, with weary hand, and weary head, and weary heart ; and who believes that the new truth of life, which is ever becoming incarnate in new births, is always born amongst the struggling, in

travail and in pain. Be content, then, to-day with a working man's contribution; and permit me first to prove my right to the name, in order to draw from it all the help I can, all such support as it is entitled to, and you may be willing to give it.

My first acquaintance with school began at eight years old, in an old-fashioned private school of the flog-flog, milk-and-water-at-breakfast type. All my life long the good and evil of that place has been on me. It is even now one of my strongest impressions, with its prim misery, the misery of a clipped hedge, with every clip through flesh and blood and fresh young feelings; its snatches of joy, its painful but honest work, grim, but grimly in earnest, and its prison morality of discipline. The most lasting lesson of my life was the failure of suspicion and severity to get inside the boy-world, however much it troubled our outsides. Three long years were spent there. Then came nearly nine years of Eton as Oppidan and Collegier, and I passed from Eton as Captain of the School to King's College, Cambridge. Those nine years, with all their chequered feeling, did not leave me in ignorance of the good and evil of a great public school. Six years of work and reading at Cambridge followed; now heavy with labour, now buoyant with hope, bringing great searchings of heart, and much balancing of right and wrong, much anxious weighing of the value of education and life, and their true use. And then,

best of all, the very pivot of all after-time, my Curate life in Gloucester, and country parishes. Six years were passed in this way, with a wedge of private tutor work thrust in between; and work as an Examiner from time to time; when I left my parish to examine at Cambridge for the Classical Tripos, or was sent by the University to Rugby to examine there, or chosen by my College for four successive years to examine at Eton. Lastly, after this, thirty-one years as Head Master of Uppingham have brought me to this hour.

But the Curate life was the foundation of it all in practice. Never shall I forget it, with its teaching work, almost daily, in National Schools. Everything I most value of teaching thought, and teaching practice, and teaching experience, came from that. Never shall I forget those schools in the suburbs of Gloucester, and their little class-room, with its solemn problem, no more difficult one in the world; how on earth the Cambridge Honour man, with his success and his brain-world, was to get at the minds of those little labourers' sons, with their unfurnished heads, and no time to give.

They had to be got at, or—I had failed.

They tried all my patience, called every power into play, and visited me with much searchings of heart if they did not do well. Never shall I cease to be grateful to those impracticable, other-world boys, and that world of theirs which had to be got into

They gave me the great axiom, "The worse the material, the greater the skill of the worker."

They called out the useful dictum with which I ever silently stepped over the threshold—"If these fellows don't learn, it's my fault."

They disentangled all the loose threads of knowledge in my brain, and forced me to wind each separately in its place, with its beginning and its end.

They bred in me a supreme contempt for knowledge-lumps, and for emptying out knowledge-lumps in a heap, like stones at the roadside, and calling it teaching.

They made me hate the long array of fine words, which lesson-hearers ask, and pupils answer, and neither really know the meaning of.

They taught me how different knowing is from being able to make others know.

Nay, they taught me the more valuable lesson still, how different knowledge which can be produced to an Examiner is from knowledge which knows itself, and understands its own life and growth.

There I learnt the great secret of St. Augustine's golden key, which, though it be of gold, is useless unless it fits the wards of the lock. And I found the wards I had to fit, the wards of *my* lock, which had to be opened, the minds of those little street boys, very queer and tortuous affairs; and I had to set about cutting and chipping myself in every way to try and make myself into the wooden

key, which should have the one merit of a key, however common it might look, the merit of fitting the lock, and unlocking the minds, and opening the shut chambers of the heart.

Oh! how hard it was to get into shape, *their* shape, and fit the twists and corners of blocked and ignorant minds. But it was glorious work. There was wonderful freshness in those schools, a most exhilarating sense of life touching life, of freedom and reality, after the heaps of knowledge, which, like sheaves of corn on a threatening day, had had to be loaded up, and carted in against time at School and College.

This wrestling with mind was a different world from the knowledge world and its loading up. It was like landing on a new continent for the first time, with a glad liberty of space to explore, and reclaim; a glad liberty of going on, and going on, and going on, exploring and making pathways in unknown lands.

Many able men, Archbishop Whately amongst them, were at that time earnestly striving to put teaching into its most telling shape for the short-timed poor to get at. Indeed, a new epoch had come. For the first time in the history of the world, there was a demand that everybody should get some teaching of a regular kind. So not only the freedom of the work itself, and the fascinating novelty of untried ground, and the zeal of such fellow-workers, and the feeling of enterprise, discovery, and life, was

full of attraction ; but a national crisis of the most momentous kind had come.

The air was full of hope, and bright with possibilities ; new opportunities under new conditions had arisen, and everything pointed to a great new birth of teaching power. Something efficient had to be done to make every child in the kingdom an intelligent worker in life, in spite of lack of time, or lack of brains. That was the problem. Some thought it could be solved. And if the elementary schools could be made to do it, a new era had set in.

There was a fair field. It was clear that with the short time that could be given, and the material to be dealt with, much knowledge was impossible ; but mind might be roused ; interest might be awakened ; a sure path might be laid down ; a path into a new world, which should tempt those who set foot on it to go on. There might be a feeling of gain produced, a feeling of things pleasant in the getting, and pleasant in the having. Mind was there. Why should not mind be dealt with ? What was to prevent the exercise of new senses ? of eyes taught to see, and ears taught to hear ? The rudder-strings of voyages through peopled worlds of mind-creations, the power to move, the hope to excite movement, pleasure, happiness, seemed within range. At least, it was not too much to hope, that the narrow walls of the dull prison, in which the omniscient ignorance of the village pot-house hero dwelt, might be broken down, and the vast beyond, with its mysterious

humility of infinite delight, get a chance of being seen, or at least believed in. And if by degrees this living teaching prevailed in the schools below, and mind-power became mind-power indeed, what might not be credible in the future, when better methods and free, unfettered skill should begin their upward push, and simplify all the processes of learning? Enlightened growth by growing would displace worn-out systems; and thought and mind be moved on to their rightful throne; and intelligence, with memory as its day-labourer and servant, be lord of all in the schools.

Everything seemed possible in that dawn of liberty to work, that breaking up of the tyranny of knowledge, that wakening of love for working, and that new field for working love.

If there was no time for piling up knowledge, there were minds to be trained, and lives to be set free. And education might rise, a resurrection indeed, from the folio sepulchre in which it had been so long entombed.

How strange it seems, to look back on all this! The cold, dead hand of authority came in, and sent Lazarus back to his grave again.

That time is gone, buried, its tombstone at top of it—dogmas heavier than folios; there is no resurrection for it. But it will ever live fresh in my memory, as the one great chance of centuries. I shall never forget it.

In such a time, with such hopes, dreams, but

dreams that cannot be undreamed again, circumstances sent me to Uppingham; and I suddenly found myself brought face to face with all I had professed to believe, when free to profess; and all I had ever said, when free to talk; with a platform to make the attempt on, twenty-five boys to begin with, youth on my side, and faith. So the work began in earnest; and slowly went on through every gradation known to schools, and has landed me where I am to-day. These thirty-one years have passed me through every phase incidental to school existence from the level in numbers of a small private school; and each stage has required to be dealt with as it came separately, and constructed as it came. Men talk lightly of success who have not paid the cost. The great Duke said there is no sadder thing than victory excepting a defeat. Yet it is good to have looked ruin in the face, and grown familiar with her solemn features. He who has once seen her, walks the earth thenceforth with other eyes, with tenderer feelings for the weak and downcast, with sterner confidence in truth; and knows from end to end all the great tune of working life, and thrills in answer to those vibrations which secretly pass to and fro between true workers. I for one acknowledge nothing higher than the skilled workman in his own skilled work. It is on this account, and because you have chosen me, that I have endeavoured to show, whether what I say is good or bad, that I ought to have something to say;

and if I have, I am not out of place here to-day. I stand here as a worker.

I fully acknowledge the right of anyone to come to the skilled workman and say, Make me such and such a thing, and to blame him if it is not made well. But it is for the skilled workman to say whether it can be made; and to give instructions how to make it. And I do not understand any man, be he Solomon himself, coming to the skilled workman, and laying down laws how he is to work, in total ignorance of the material in his hands, the time at his disposal, and the tools he is able to get. There is much poetry in childhood, the hopes and fears of the young are full of imaginative feeling, and pictorial effect, but a poet would be an unsafe guide in schools. There is much philosophy in child-nature, and brain-spinning is a pleasant thing to the spinner, and brain-spun fabrics fascinating to artistic connoisseurs, but let no man who has never taught a child, ay, and many children, deceive himself into thinking he knows how to teach, or can instruct others in what he does not know himself. And last, not least, the dead hand of unfeeling power, that measures lives by a foot-rule, is dead indeed when thrust into living work.

Now there must be a beginning. The material to be dealt with is the first thing. This is not a simple question. It is twofold. First, the answer is, the child mind is the material, but the child mind under very stringent conditions of time, and

habit. And secondly, as two rival powers compose the mind, *qua* teaching, the thinking power, and the carrying power, holding somewhat the same relative position to one another that muscular strength and stomach strength do in the body; which is going to be most employed? Is the aim to be to make the mind strong, or to make it full? I unhesitatingly answer that the Teacher's true business is to make the mind strong. Incidentally this has been touched on already.

It will be well now to lay down four propositions as a platform to start from.

The first proposition is,

Every child has to be taught; with its corollary, that no system which fails to meet this necessity is true.

The second proposition is,

That Teaching is not yet perfect; with its corollary, that no authority, which by rigid requirements assumes that it is so, is true.

The third proposition is,

That if the teachers don't know how to do their work, no one else does; with its corollary, that no dead hand, thrust into living work from the outside, is true.

And the fourth proposition is,

That Education means training for life. Lives, not lessons are dealt with; with its corollary, that no system, which batters on books, is true.

It is indeed the fact that human nature has been so adjusted that any system, however defective, will

have its apparent success. Nay, the worse the system, the more brilliant may be its outcome in a few stars. But stars, remember, imply night.

The dullest daylight puts out all the stars.

If every child is properly taught there will be daylight, and the intelligence of the many will take off attention from the few, instead of the prizes of a few being accepted as a compensation for the darkness of the many.

But, *what is being properly taught?* Now there is a simple fact before beginning to teach which requires to be recognised.

In choosing what to begin on, not the desirable but the possible is the question.

Say that there are five years, an ignorant mind, and many hindrances; what can an ignorant mind, in five years, with many hindrances, be got to do? That is the question.

Add to this the first axiom of work, that you cannot use the unknown to teach the unknown; and it is wonderful how much confused bramble is cut out of the path by these two simple common-sense hatchets.

Take any two persons arguing on school at random, anywhere, at any time, the argument will be, whether it is better to take *this* subject or *that*.

I boldly assert that the question really lies between *doing nothing*, or *doing something*, and has nothing to do with the desirableness of this or that subject.

What is possible? That is all; enough too, and more than enough.

Few, to begin with, are aware how completely language, the sole instrument of teaching, is unknown to the vast majority of those who come to be taught, high and low. I mean common words, English words, in their ordinary sense, and in daily use. The boys even of well-to-do families are quite ignorant of the meaning of the familiar words employed in the conversation going on round them; of course still more of those used in books. Examples might be multiplied to any extent. I had intended to give some, but I thought better of it, as it might produce a wrong impression of its being an occasional eccentricity instead of universal practice. Whole classes don't know the same common word. I cannot however refrain from quoting the student, age seventeen, who after a most patient explanation, a day or two intervening, propounded Sir Isaac Newton's great law of *universal aggravation*.

No doubt many things are desirable, but what can be got, if time is short, and language unknown; and the unknown cannot teach the unknown?

Life is what has to be dealt with, not lessons; or lessons only so far as they inspirit life, enrich it, and give it new powers.

And everyone has to be dealt with; racing stables and a crack winner or two will not do.

I state with all the certainty of long experience

that under the conditions imposed by the laws of nature any attempt to pile in knowledge until very late in the day, has failed, does fail, and will always fail. It is not possible for gentle or simple. A settled conviction of hopeless stupidity is the only gain carried off by many from the knowledge shops.

I know no sadder sight in creation than to see a slow good boy kneading himself laboriously, because he is good, into hopeless despair, through being forced to load in the measured quantity from outside against time.

It is possible at a cost of millions to turn a whole kingdom in this way into a sort of manufactory of stupidity.

But though few can get knowledge, everyone can be taught to use the powers he has. Working power can be got. But how? An answer to this question may fairly be demanded, and I feel that I am bound to sketch what is possible, as I have so strongly laid down what is not possible. The subject is not so vast as it seems. The moment we leave cloud-land and the desirable, and come down to earth and the possible, the turmoil and jostling is at an end. A single line will define the whole scope of teaching operations up to the point where the manufacture of learned men begins.

Make every child master of the one instrument by which all human life moves, speech, the mother-tongue.

Or to take it from a different side, life is the question. The living come to be taught ; what has he got already in him ? It is clear that to utilise, expand, vivify what he has got already in him, is at once possible.

Lo ! the answer, the first answer, to the question what has he got in him, is at once—speech.

Every Englishman speaks English ; and as nothing can be done till language is known, English must be known first. If English is not known, as far as it is not known, it is a foreign language to him who does not know it,—Chinese, let us say. Well, at present we are engaged in teaching new and unknown facts by talking Chinese. As long as we talk Chinese we must fail. The vocabulary of the great majority of the so-called educated classes is very limited, as has been stated above ; the boys and girls do not understand the meaning of English words. Make them understand them by teaching them to read English well.

To read aloud intelligently, with ease, understanding, and feeling, as it ought to be the first aim of sane teaching, so it is the crowning excellence, the consummate perfection, the most finished product, of the highest culture. It stands moreover that great test of value to the human race that all can begin, though none can find an end. Nothing is of true value to man that is not universal.

Again ; what infinite interest and variety there is in the necessities through which thought passes

in finding expression in words. The moment Grammar is dealt with as thought working into words, and using the word-creations it gives birth to, and making them live, instead of as a kind of strait-waistcoat to pinch thought into shape, a new world is opened. If Grammar is only thought taking shape, Grammar is already in the mind waiting to be called out. And it can be called out without any book work by a teacher. A class can be made to frame its own rules by a little questioning. I have done it again and again; and it is lively and interesting work. I have known little children ask for grammar lessons as a favour for their amusement.

The first economy of time obviously is to utilise in this way the material already collected by everyone who speaks, and thus waste no time in having laboriously to collect new material before it is necessary to do so.

The next great economy of time is to excite interest.

Great interest will make up for want of time. Create great interest. As soon as children can read, throw away all lesson books for a time. Let them read. (But alas! who is there can teach reading?) Let them read aloud—really read, not tumble through pages. Give them to read Poetry, the Lives of Good Men, Narratives of noble deeds, Historical Stories, and Historical Novels, Books of Travel, and all the fascinating literature of dis-

covery and adventure. A person who has once learned to read well is tempted to go on. And such books, selected by a carefully graduated scheme, would supply endless knowledge, whilst kindling the mind, without any waste of time from drudgery and disgust. Geography, History, and power of speech are all comprised in such books, if properly used.

Here let me record my own deep obligations to Sir Walter Scott, the noblest of writers. Many of his novels I have read over and over again. The glorious lesson to honour, and paint with honour, antagonists and their beliefs, can be learnt nowhere so well as in him. Better be one of Sir Walter Scott's dislikes than the hero of many modern novels. With what a large humanity he takes the human element even in the characters which he holds up to ridicule, so that a kindly feeling is excited whilst we laugh, or even despise! How noble is his sympathy with the weak, the oppressed, the hardly-treated! How manly his spirit, like the air of his own mountains, full of gallantry and truth! To come to lower points, how varied his language! his riches of speech how great! He gave me an acquaintance with words, and a freedom in using them, for which I am, and ever shall be, grateful. For unsullied purity of lofty thought; for a large charity, which ennobles the meanest person he touches, and leaves behind some tenderness towards those we condemn most; for gene-

rous, frank testimony to good wherever found ; how great gratitude is due to him, who has glorified his country and the English-speaking world with his words ! Health and honour flow forth from every word he wrote, an heir-loom to our race for ever. I rejoice in confessing my great debt to him, and others may get from similar reading the happy gains I got from him.

And did not the present Emperor of Germany, with a like feeling, think it worth while to parade the troops throughout his kingdom, and gave command that every regiment in that mighty army should have read to them the loss of the *Birkenhead*, and how the English soldiers stood calmly in their ranks on deck, and saw the women and children saved, as the ship was slowly sinking down with them into the cruel African sea ; and so they died. The Emperor thought the solemn glory of the English soldier in his quiet faithfulness even unto death, a grand example of what men should be, a noble teaching for his countrymen to hear, an education of heroes. And we, whose heroes they are, we, who have many heroes, let it all slip, and run away, like water after rain in thankless soil. Yet even as a bit of knowledge, what opportunity for vivid description of the African sea, the translucent palace of the shark, and all its wonders ; and of Africa and its lakes, its deserts, its plants, its animals, its colonies, its natives, such a reading naturally gives rise to !

What a lesson in geography it might be made !

Then to go on with what is already present, waiting to be used. There are eyes, there are ears ; take them, use them.

Are there no crops in England, clothing the land with knowledge and beauty ? no plants to be seen ? no flowers in fields, and hedges, and woods ? no gardens for summer and winter to make sport in ? Give them tongues to tell their own history.

Not that I would teach Botany book-fashion ; but I would turn every child's eye on to the facts that botany and the microscope have discovered, and on to their own daily round of walks or roads. They should note the first crocus and put down its date. They should observe each day the new comers, and their curious differences, the kind of growth, the various shapes, the beauty of leaves, the texture and colour, the upward flow of sap, and all the secret glory of the rushing tide of life ever flowing ; so that the quiet fields with their grass and their trees, so stationary and so still, are for all that full of the stir of hurrying life, an infinity of streams, every blade of grass a rivulet, every tree a river, till, if all was poured together, these wondrous springing fountains of earth would form a second ocean of moving life.

Not a bird should fly unnoticed ; the note of the first chiff-chaff should be heard. Not a song should sound, not a wing be moved, without appealing to seeing eyes, and hearing ears.

There are some books already written to glorify these subjects, and not to make specimens of them; books, that feel their beauty, and do not want to lecture on their bones. And there might be any number, if writers and teachers were agreed that they wanted to breathe into the taught noble life, living power, living interest, curiosity, hope, and not to turn them into fifth-rate catalogues. The names of Edwards and Dick then would not shine like stars, because of the daylight in every village; and tens of thousands, using happy eyes, would find delight in common things. First put the marvellous results of observation, and train the eye to see, and the ear to hear, and afterwards, if there is time, teach how such things were found out. What food for observation there would be in making a boy trace in sand, or build in a play-ground corner, a map of the district in which he lived, the plan of a campaign, a traveller's route, or any history capable of being made visible. And let me guard against the objection that all this is loose and unmethodical. Be it so. It is better to have loose facts than nothing; curiosity, than stagnation and disgust. But it need not be loose. As severe a scheme of logical sequence of knowledge might unobtrusively be followed in this way, as on the driest date card, and most meagre manual. During all the first years for high and low no lesson book in the ordinary sense of the word should ever come into a schoolroom, if I had power: but reading |

books only, carefully selected, carefully edited, with plenty of supplementary notes, and—Teachers. Teachers—not hearers of lessons.

One word more on reading. It is necessary to draw attention to the fact that this education by reading gives, first of all, the pleasurable power of going on with ease and pleasure, nothing else does ; and, secondly, every word added to a man's mind is a new thought, and fact, or a new aspect of a thought and fact. It is computed that the uneducated man is confined to about three hundred or four hundred words ; which is the same as saying, that the uneducated man's mind is imprisoned within that space. Look at the clouds, what a difference it makes in mind-power to one who loves the beauty of the clouds to have the three words, rain-cloud, cumulus, and cirrus, as classifying guides of what he sees, instead of simply seeing clouds only ! The fact that all knowledge passes through words has already been mentioned, but that words themselves are such wonderful knowledge, and that the user of fifteen thousand words, like Shakespear, is a lord of infinite empires of thought by that simple fact only, is not heeded, or indeed known. But words are to their possessors powers of knowledge and thought themselves. Let then lesson books and lesson hearers depart, and reading books and Teachers come in. Exit paper, enter life.

But what is Teaching ? Teaching means drawing out powers of mind by question and answer.

There are many ways of learning, but only one way of teaching.

There are many ways of learning, where the learner, shown, or not shown, how to do it, does the work; but only one way of teaching, till teaching is no longer necessary, and the pupil becomes a learner by himself.

Once more, not the desirable but the possible is what every sane authority will propose. If subjects are impossible, it is no use pondering over whether they are desirable. Change the subjects as you please, if the majority get nothing they get nothing. A few fragments of knowledge acquired at the cost of blunted hope, and loss of power, and false ideas of life, and no skill, and no eye for skill, are not worth the cost. This might be remedied by teaching; but there can be no teacher unless teaching is possible.

Teachers are a very artistic product. They do not grow by just sprinkling about a few Minutes of Council by my Lords, like mustard and cress on a bottle.

A Teacher is a combination of heart, head, artistic training, and favouring circumstances. Like all other high arts, life must have free play or there can be no teaching.

Teaching is not possible if classes are too large.

Teaching is not possible if an inspector is coming to count the number of bricks made to order.

This is self-evident. The large class destroys

teaching, because time does not admit of each boy being questioned, and each mind being skilfully probed, and its special difficulties attended to.

The Inspector destroys teaching, because he is bound by law and necessity to examine according to a given pattern; and the perfection of teaching is, that it does not work by a given pattern.

Minds cannot be inspected. The minds of the class cannot be produced as specimens on a board, with a pin stuck through them, like beetles. Shoving in the regulation quantity is one thing; clearing the stuff out of the bewildered brain, and strengthening the mind, is another; and the two are foes.

I stand here to-day for liberty; liberty to teach.

I assert that if the teachers do not know how to do their work, no one else does; and that if they are ever to know how to do it, there must be fair liberty.

It is lives, not lessons, that are dealt with. The great factor of time determines the possible and the impossible.

It is madness to throw away what all have, the language they speak, the sight of their eyes, and the hearing of their ears; and set on foot what cannot be got, in defiance of the fact that it cannot be got.

The most pitiful sight in the world is the slow good boy, laboriously kneading himself into stupidity, because he is good.

And now I must conclude. No one is more aware than myself, I believe, that silence is golden.

Certainly I have a most keen feeling of the danger of speech. But you chose me. You have made me speak. In obedience to you I have broken silence.

O Teachers of England, if there is any hope, strive for liberty to teach. Have mercy on the slow, the ignorant, the weak. Their lives are the stake. Let there be liberty to improve. Let there be some liberty.

But—let me finish by begging your pardon for having broken silence in a lost cause.



AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT ST. ALBANS,
APRIL 28, 1886.

AN ADDRESS ON EDUCATION.

POWER of speech has naturally played a great part in the world ; a much greater part than it ought to play, or would play, if experience was allowed a fair chance, and wisdom had its due. But power of speech has many meanings ; and Mr. Pitt is said to have given a definition of oratory, which, fairly thought out, conveys as much truth as a single word, perhaps, has ever been enabled to carry. He was asked, "What made an orator?" He answered, "His audience;" concentrating in that single word the spiritual law, the grand truth, that where an audience is earnest, experienced, intelligent, and full of the powerful subtle sympathy of a good cause, there the speaker's soul, if it can take the inspiration, gathers up the silent glory of the breathing life, like a great organ, and rises instinct with the harmony of the spiritual presence all round about—when the very air seems to thrill and throb, transfigured into a kind of wistful expectation, and unborn hopes—gathers it all up, and pours it forth in articulate utterance, a mighty tide of

many hearts that feel. Yes, for good or evil the audience breathe their life into the speaker, and make him give his best, whatever that best may be. This is my advantage to-day. I feel upheld by the sympathy of my audience. We are all met together this afternoon for a great cause; all inspired by a deep interest in the sacred cause of Education. And I have felt, from the first moment you asked me to come, that my audience, few or many, would be a living audience, and uplift me by their life.

Yet, I pray you, be patient with me. Strong as I feel our sympathy to be, I may, nevertheless, say unpleasant things, which may grate on your ears. But give them hearing, for they are of life. I am no amateur, floating aerial brightnesses to catch your eyes, but a workman fresh from his workshop and his forge. You must not expect mental fireworks, but the sober convictions of many years' labour. Still less is brain-spun gauze of self-evolved human nature any part of my stock in trade, with all its niceties of subtle phraseology, and its fascinating assumption of intellectual superiority. No, you must be contented with thicker stuff, woven of tough fibre, coarse, if you like to think so—the tough, coarse texture of daily toil, of weary hours, of watchful waiting, of many a victory, and many a defeat; ay, many a defeat, and the years of trial, that kill, or make strong.

One thing I pre-eminently rejoice in to-day, that, whilst called to speak on education, the moving

power of this meeting is the Higher Education of Women.

Not that this will much affect the treatment of the subject. In my judgment the main lines are the same for men and women. And the verdict on the education of both sexes may be given in the emphatic declaration concerning marriage, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

Woman was created as a help, or fellow-worker with man. To be a fellow-worker implies, not the same work necessarily, but kindred training, the same main direction of thought and culture. It implies a power able to step in and give actual help in all ways outside the actual battle, able to supply what want of time and rougher strength cannot compass. Above all, it implies the being able by delicate excellence, and refined yet dauntless courage and skill, to nerve men for their highest efforts, and bring to perfection all those qualities which depend on spiritual nobility for their triumph; and by so doing, to break down the idolatry of force, and appeal, by a perpetual silent eloquence of weakness, strong in lovable goodness, with ceaseless pleading against the coarse meanness of the argument of the hand, and the brutality of mere physical or mental strength.

There are facts of the world, which have, sooner or later, to be dealt with. When shall we face honestly the facts of the world? Let us try to do so to-day. There is an irresistible march of great

facts of natural law, however many thousand years may pass before dearly bought experience sets them on their rightful throne. But why should we buy experience so dear, when facts are so plain? The most plain, the most practical fact in man's world is this, that every human being, for the first ten years or so of life, is in the hands of women. We are getting skilful in law-making; but no law has yet been passed to abolish mothers and nurses. The real rulers of the world for good or evil must be those who have its first ten years in their hands. As an historical truth every nation, since history began, has been great and living in proportion to the excellence of its women, and the treatment they received. And yet the true sovereignty of women as helpers and fellow-workers can hardly be said to have ever had a national existence. It is well to face our facts. Facts have an awkward trick of knocking down those who treat them badly. Nothing easier than trampling them underfoot; nothing harder than to escape being tripped up flat into the mud, if you do. The sovereignty of women is a fact. Those ten years make it so; to say nothing of other reasons; and there are perhaps some other reasons, not unknown to us, for feminine influence. Let us then face facts, and educate the queens of life, and fit them for their throne, their throne by divine right of motherhood, of nursehood, and the weakness that rules, not by force, but by harmonious grace of fitness. We will not shut our eyes to

facts like fools, we will not be fools, to-day at all events, in this.

Well then. What are the main lines of Education—facts of natural law?

What are we dealing with?

And what do we want?

I fearlessly assert that these questions have neither been asked, nor answered.

They have had no public existence. They have not appeared at all in the arena of action.

I am old enough to remember the beginning of the great Educational scramble.

I am old enough to have taken a keen personal interest in the question.

I have lived long enough to have seen every principle I care for, every belief I hold, every fact I know, ignored, neglected, or overthrown, in the gladiatorial contest.

Now to our questions. The Persian of old, if he had been asked what his view was, would have answered promptly, "We want to teach the Persian to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth." But then—we are not Persians.

What do we want to teach the Englishman?

Is it true that the human being has no feeling?

Is it true that feeling has been improved off the face of the earth?

Are love and hate dead and buried?

Is there no honour or dishonour any more?

Is there no bravery, no cowardice?

Is truth a thing of the past, and falsehood?

Is there no temperance and intemperance?

No joy and sorrow?

No endurance and pain?

Is there nothing divine?

No love of Christ, or God?

Have we Solomon's trial over again, with no Solomon to pass judgment?

Has England, like the false mother, given up the child to be cut in half?

The Persian knew what he wanted, and did it. Do we?

I prefer not quoting the authority of Holy Scripture. We do not want authority, but common sense. If the staircase of our house has been cut away, or left out, we must begin by replacing the staircase before we can go up higher.

The Persian defined his view of Education in three words—riding, shooting, truth. And no better definition will ever be given, if we take it as a type, and interpret it.

The interpretation is simple. The Persian wanted practical skill, and perfect heart-power. For what had a Persian to deal with? He had to deal with warfare against wild beasts, warfare against warlike men, and honour in his home. Their work was summed up in this; and so is ours.

They trained for it. Activity, skill, hardihood, fearless contempt of death, fearless upholding of truth summed up their idea of training. And it

gave them the Empire of the world. The boy, who daily took his bow and arrow in his hand with the daily thought, when would he be allowed to meet a lion, had something to think about ; something to try his feelings, and make him a man.

The bold rider, whose heart thought was set on the battle and the charge from childhood, had something to dream about, waking or sleeping. Both had the joy of strength and temperance, with the praise of courage ever ringing in their ears. And the speaker and doer of truth had learned what honour meant, had learned not to fear the face of man.

Well ! fearless truth, bravery, honour, activity, manly skill, temperance, hardihood, welded into a grand national character, gave them the mastery of the world.

If they somewhat cut the child in half, and put into him but little ready-made furniture of knowledge, they took the half which made them men, and rulers of men. But—we are not Persians ! on the contrary, the greatest triumph of modern enlightenment has been a national amputation of character.

I am well aware what a big dog is in the way here ! How dangerous it is to be a believer in life ! The glorification of the dog-in-the-manger as *liberal* is a great achievement ; but it staggers somewhat common sense, when he sits in the manger, and says, “ Go where you like, do what you like, I have

but one hatred,—Hay. Hay you shall neither have, nor give.”

But, then you know, only bigots eat hay, dogs don't. To the one it is life, to the other litter. The poor dog was only an advanced thinker born before his time.

The constellation of the dog-star is the finest apotheosis of modern times. The dog is avenged and shines as a star of the first magnitude, and only persecutes hay, as it only hates hay.

To resume. What do we want?

Are we prepared to face the facts of natural law, and human life, or not?

Let us begin for ourselves; and leave alone what is in possession of the field, if for no other reason but this, because all the competitors agree that all the rest have failed; and bystanders agree with all. To say nothing of a grim whisper, which is beginning to pass through the land, that all the evil of all the homes is being poured by law into common pools, and carbolic and disinfectants are forbidden by law. This concerns everybody. Be sure that everybody suffers when education goes wrong. The failures are the lives of men. The teacher's workshop floor is strewn, not with shavings, and wasted wood, but with wasted years and broken lives. The first duty of a nation is to know its failures.

If National Education turned out a Shakespear every ten years, and consumed the children in doing

it, National Education would be a curse. We want no Moloch, even if a Shakespear comes out of the fire periodically.

Still less do we want a Moloch, which only turns out dust and ashes; as must always be the case, where the waste is taken no notice of. A nation that disregards the waste has not yet begun.

Least of all do we want a manufacture of human knives to hack at the world.

Well! what are we dealing with?

And what do we want to do with it?

Let us face our facts, and not fight against laws of nature.

We are dealing with the whole human being not cut in half.

And we want to teach and train each and all; and leave no one untrained.

We want to begin at the beginning in accordance with laws of nature and growth.

Now all laws of growth are pleasurable, however much demand they may make on the growing life. The active, growing, healthy child takes pleasure in the exercise and hardihood which makes him active, growing, and healthy.

But, as a fact, how do people generally begin?

The following picture is a true picture, though only typical.

There is the sea of knowledge, glancing and gleaming in the glorious summer morning; and there also is a bathing machine, with a little naked

victim in it. Up comes a female gorgon, seizes on her prey, and with grim humour plunges him, mouth wide open, nose, eyes, helpless and howling under the floating salt, and brings him up again tingling every inch of him, spluttering, half-sick; eyes, mouth, nose, brain, one complicated misery. The glad, bright, wide sea disenchanted into a kind of baby squirt to torment babies. But let us now dismiss finally how not to do it. Let us go on to see how to do it.

Here also I will take a heathen's judgment as the perfection of common sense and wise observation; which cannot be sneered at by heathens, and will not be sneered at by Christians.

Plato, some two thousand years ago, or more, gave a definition of the true learner, which will not easily be beaten. It harmonises with our work to-day. It is a kind of axiom, which ought to be engraved on every mind.

Plato's true learner learns "smoothly, without stumbling, and in a prevailing way."

This threefold division is full of life and experience.

First comes the "smoothly;" that is, the belief in the work, and the love of it.

Next comes the "without stumbling;" that is, the obedience, activity, self-mastery, of the learner. He neither puts, nor finds, anything in the way. He has no rubbish in him; rubbish has been emptied out of his mind. "The stuffed bosom has

been cleansed of that perilous (or foolish) stuff, which weighs upon the heart." His heart is open and clear.

Finally, there is the power of lasting, the staying power,—perseverance, which is not satisfied till all is done; which faces all that has to be done, and does it, and succeeds.

Loving work, unfettered work, persevering work, make up Plato's idea of a true worker.

I said "a true *worker*." But observe, the first demand—love, and the second demand—the clear heart, come before work.

They belong to a pre-working stage, and to pre-working law.

Pre-working law then is the true starting point.

The want of acknowledging pre-working law has destroyed work more than every other cause, and all other defects, put together.

Pre-working law demands first, that every child should have a clear perception of why he comes to school.

And secondly, that every child should believe in the answer, and love it.

This means, that pre-working law requires a convincing statement of the value of the work to be done, understandable by a child; and also the assurance that everybody can do the work.

Complaints of stupidity would vanish if these pre-working laws were attended to.

As the homes do not, and often cannot, supply this want, the schools must do it.

The stable-boy knows what a horse is.

The gardener's boy knows what a garden is.

The carpenter's lad knows what a box is.

The school-boy alone is turned loose into the working world without the smallest idea of what he is about, or how to work.

They do not know the common facts about memory and merely loading up knowledge, about thought-power and getting skill and strength, about character and the feelings.

They do not know what their work is to do for them.

They do not know why the special work they are set has been chosen.

They do not know what they ought to try and aim at. In a word, pre-working law is a sealed book to them.

They do not know the beginning ; without which no intelligent start can be made.

The child starts blindfolded.

I repeat, the child starts blindfolded.

But every child can be made easily to understand the value of the skilful mind, the value and pleasure of growth.

We need not be afraid of labour, if they feel the gain of labour.

Permit me to try and show briefly this bit of pre-working law.

Startle the dull, hidebound class, the corporeal presence in the room, by an abrupt question, Why are you not tending pigs, or weeding turnips? Or whatever the lowest wage-earning of the district may be? A pig-boy, or turnip-boy, gets 3s. a week. Why don't you get 3s. instead of all this payment? The answer will probably amount to, 'because my father sends me to school.' Go on with, Why does your father pay so much to send you to school?

Where does he get the money from, which keeps you here?

Are you worth it all?

Is your work so much better than the pig-boy's? Which is it to be, pig-boy, or scholar? and Why?

Having sent in this way a strong splash of cold water into the sleepy soul and woke it up, it is not difficult by a little questioning to make any child see, that value, the market price of anything made, in the first instance depends on the time required, the strength employed, and the risk run by the worker.

For example, as a question lesson.

The ploughboy, who begins at once without learning, who only wants ordinary strength, and runs no risk of failure, will not command a high price as a worker; because anyone can do it, at the earliest working age.

The carpenter's apprentice has to spend five years, say, in learning his trade; he has to pay for

earning it; he must be fed and clothed, whilst learning it.

First, then, as compared with the ploughboy, there are five years of time to be accounted for. Secondly, there is not only his own time, but the time and labour of others, which were paid out in supporting him during the time he was being taught and earning nothing; this may fairly be put at another five years of stored up life—of life, that is, which has passed into the shape of work, and by work passed into the shape of money earned. The apprentice also has to buy tools and run some risk when he sets up in trade on his own account.

The apprentice Bill of Life then runs in these terms :

Five years of his own life.

Five years of the life of his friends.

Tools.

Skilful strength.

Risk.

Grand total, ten years of life, tools, skilful strength, and risk, as against the wage-earning of the ploughboy at the earliest possible age, without any outlay of time or brain. Apply these facts of cost of production to the Lawyer, the Doctor, the Clergyman, any educated man; and a child can be made to see easily that skilled work is very valuable, that the power of being made a skilled workman is very valuable, that school-work is intended to make him skilled workman, that his parents and

teachers believe that they are taking the best means to make him a skilled workman, that they give of their own lives to buy him the chance of being a skilled workman, and that for children to waste the lives of others, as well as their own, in idleness, or worse, is unutterably mean, and base to the last degree.

If this bit of pre-working law is satisfied, it is not possible that the present blindfold apathy could go on for many generations.

Then again there is the real value of Education.

Subject that to the same process.

The pig-boy in the midst of the finest landscape in the world, if he is but a pig-boy, judges the landscape by the number of pigs it would support. In other words, the pig-boy's body is a prison shutting in a creature whose highest standard of beauty is pigs. Can any prison be more deadly than this?

Any child can be made to see the gain in pleasure that Education brings.

No child would give up the power of reading, yet reading was a lesson, a task, at first.

A child who has felt the gain of reading can be made to feel partly, partly to have faith in, the exquisite delight of being taught to read all things, all the languages that speak to the eye, ear, and heart.

Painting, architecture, music, all creation can be shown to any child to be languages.

The table before them, the benches on which

they sit, the room, the inkstands, the paper they write on, everything, can by a few questions be made to speak, and tell their own history, and give up the secrets of the thought which made them.

How much more can attention be awakened to the beauty of God's thoughts in creation ! the voices that speak in cloud and rain, in river, forest, mountain, plain, flower, grass. For all we see is thought made visible.

Again, take the great ear-languages, which appeal to the feelings. Music, the song of birds, the voice of winds that breathe o'er land and sea in tenderness, or wrath ; the waters shouting in joy, chanting low rippling songs, roaring in their furious onset ; and last of all, word-language, which partakes of the power of all, and is the most living exponent of life—word-language, which bears in its bosom the sacred gift of conversing with the great minds and glorious thinkers of all time.

A very few hours' talk, dexterously referred to from time to time, will make this pre-working law act, put the child absolutely into a new world, and ensure, as far as possible, that the learner is willing to learn *smoothly*.

The distinction between right feeling and knowledge can be brought home by a single question. Do you always do a lesson when you *know you ought to do it* ? If not, the knowledge of what is right is no good, till right feeling rules your life, and makes you do what you know.

No thorough progress will ever be made till mere intellect meets with the contempt it deserves ; and the engine without the engine-driver is despised.

The love of Truth—and Truth means doing at the moment what at the moment we know to be right—the love of Truth—right love, that is,—right feeling, must be set on its throne, if any nation is ever to be really educated. Turn us into Persians ; make all knowledge revolve as satellites round right love, and the world will have changed from the Ptolemaic system to the Copernican. And natural law, understood and obeyed, will lead to infinite discoveries in the science of life.

So much of pre-working law.

Now to work : what to work, and how to work.

There are two axioms, which I would put up as sign-posts for this part of the road.

First, discussions on subjects are infinite. But great discoveries, great marvels, great usefulness, have nothing to do with the value of a subject as a teaching subject.

Columbus made a marvellous discovery, but any rough seaman, with a little practice, can follow on his track. To explore a new continent may only show the sagacity and savage skill of a Red Indian.

Ploughing is the most useful of all work, but the ploughman ranks lowest in the scale of workers.

Secondly, a subject may be very valuable, but not in practice, if it kicks out another that is more valuable.

We need to arrive at some conclusion on the subject of ignorance—necessary ignorance.

I have never seen this subject brought forward ; it may be my misfortune, but I have not. Yet a clear perception of necessary ignorance is the very foundation-stone of true education. Few would claim omniscience, but all assume it. Omniscience has to be given up.

As an illustration, let me draw your attention to the fact that there are about one thousand definite languages in the world. A reasonably good knowledge of five of these would be considered no mean attainment. To be a good Greek and Latin scholar, and a thorough speaker of German and French, in addition to our own language, would be considered satisfactory. But what becomes of the nine hundred and ninety-five which we know nothing about ? nine hundred and ninety-five unknown, to five known ?

If this compulsory ignorance meets us in one subject only, what becomes of the knowledge hunt as the be-all and end-all of Education ?

Why, not a letter is written to the *Times*, not a Cabinet Minister speaks, who does not toss into the school-caldron some half-dozen new, indispensable subjects, every one of them with their thousand variations. They might just as well demonstrate that the fee simple of six new planets was necessary to a school-boy. The idolatry of knowledge must perish, or Education cannot begin.

A clear perception of necessary ignorance must become ordinary stock-in-trade, or mental bankruptcy will continue to be as common as it now is.

Study ignorance. Even the bathing gorgon fails to make the baby swallow all the sea.

But the Persian was right. Nature, the laws of the world, lay down the main track as long as the world lasts.

Noble character comes first—Truth.

The training of skill and strength comes next. //

Noble character is trained by noble example of life, whether in word or deed, and by honest surroundings, whether in word or deed. The highest beliefs and the most true work train noble character. The Teacher must have high beliefs, and be allowed to teach in their spirit. The hearts of the teachers are all in all. The place of teaching should honestly correspond in all things to the work that has to be done there. The work should have every proper instrument and appliance, whether of teacher or aids to teaching, which can be brought to bear. The whole atmosphere should breathe honour and truth. All the surroundings, living or non-living, should appeal unconsciously to the higher nature of the learners. The highest aims should be put highest, and honoured as highest. Mangers without hay do not feed.

As regards the work, a selection must be made on natural principles of growth, and obedience to laws of nature.

The main needs of life, and the main facts of life, are the same for high and low alike.

All speak a language.

Everything in the world passes through language.

Not to clear the language-pipe is simple insanity.

Clear and widen the language-pipe first.

I am inclined to go on by rescuing from a misuse, which has done much harm, an old English proverb, and, by changing one word in it, make it a working definition of perfect Education on the knowledge side.

The perfectly educated will be Jack-of-all-trades, and master of one.

“Master of one.” Because there is no training in a smattering easily got by an active mind. “Jack-of-all-trades.” Because no man can work hard all day; and there is infinite pleasure and profit in picking up everything worth having.

“Master of one.” Because in the infinity of subjects, the wilderness, the jungle of rival ignorances, no strong, calm, great character can gain its strength, excepting by being pressed to the utmost limit of its power by the fierce demand for perfection that every great subject makes on him who gets far enough to know, what trying to be perfect means. Every good runner knows this fierce demand of the last ten or twenty yards of a race.

“Jack-of-all.” Because the active brain cannot be on strain always, and yet, being active, will be occupied. And men can gather flowers and know

them without being gardeners ; men can buy in the market without being merchants ; and thus in a properly managed scheme a thousand Jack-of-all-trade pursuits come in naturally to underpin the main work, supplement it, give it a finish and ornament, and find pleasure for unprofessional hours. In fact, as I have already drawn attention to Pre-working Law, I would now draw attention to Sub-working Law, to all the sub-industries, as they may be called, which make life rich, in pleasure always, oftentimes in profit too.

The mighty leisure hours with their sub-industries are all powerful.

Under the name "leisure hours," I comprise all time not given to main subjects, and the hardest work first ; and, secondly, all time in which no compulsory work is done.

This division of time into main working time and leisure time ought to be carefully studied, with the whole question of sub-industries and non-compulsory recreation.

First, however, let us blot out, once and for ever, any idea that the subjects themselves have anything to do with this distinction necessarily. The learning Greek, for instance, would be a sub-industry to a professional engineer ; not because it is less hard, less noble as a subject than engineering, but because to him it would be a turning on a lower power of time and work, in a more leisurely way.

So also get rid, for ever, of the idea that Painting,

Music, Architecture, Sculpture are less noble as mind-power, because we may not put them, possibly, into our hard-work time. Till we are immortal on earth, we can only do what we can do, and no more. The subjects are not less noble; but we are too weak to give them time enough.

The mighty question of leisure hours ought to be the most important question of all, since it affects the character most.

I have spoken of not degrading noble subjects because we cannot give much time to them. I would now speak of elevating and giving some time to subjects not usually considered noble, as they especially belong to the Jack-of-all-trades department.

We English are proud of our homes. We sing songs about them, we write on them; in fact, we very justly *are proud of our homes*. Has it ever entered into your minds that home to the great majority in a very large degree, and to all in some degree, is but a loftier name for cookery? I once cooked a pancake in my shovel; I thought it a success, I am not aware anyone else did. But I am quite sure neither I nor anyone would like a home where I was cook. Well, many women don't cook better than I do, poor women too. But in a cottage good cookery (I know something about this) means economy, luxury, health, comfort, love. Well, a place, where love produces economy, luxury, health, and comfort by its loving care, sounds very like home.

Again, everyone ought to have some practical knowledge of what they manage and govern. This belongs to all mistresses of households.

Again, every living being, male or female, ought to know the common laws of healthy life. Diet and cookery belong to this knowledge. This is part of the Persian's riding and shooting; the skilful power, I mean, which does common things well.

Needlework, I need scarcely observe, is very necessary for those who will daily have to judge questions of clothing and material, even if they do not have to do the work. Carpentry and metal work are specialities for boys in like manner, as needlework and cookery are for girls.

Leisure hours are the hinge on which true education turns. It is a natural law that a large proportion of our time cannot be spent on the hardest work. And it is well to respect natural laws; they are the most revengeful creatures in the world, absolutely merciless. And, secondly, if rubbish is to be emptied out, and Plato's axiom attended to, it can only be by not throwing away or misusing two-thirds of the working day.

If all the bones are put into lessons, and all the loveliness, the life, the feelings, the pleasure flung away, no one need wonder that lessons have ill luck.

Here I would call attention to picture work. When will picture work and photographs take their proper place in school?

Great will that man be, and, I hope, rich, who, instead of deluging the world with rotten editions of brick-dust notes, will put out Livy, for instance, with really beautiful pictures of the Alps, of modern Rome, of the Alban Hills and Lake, of the Campagna with its aqueducts ; of Sicily, of Thrasimene, and so on.

The "Art in Schools Association" is greatly to be praised for the effort it is making, to supply schools with good pictures.

Again, the rooms themselves should teach—teach, first of all, honour to lessons, by their beauty and order ; and, secondly, by beauty and knowledge.

This is not so impossible as it may seem. Any person who can paint, by mounting his paintings on linen, and having them cemented to the wall, can be a wall-decorator without going near a wall. And in this way the wall of a schoolroom may be made to teach every plant, bird, animal, or occupation that can be found in the district ; as well as to preach in every foot of space, "Honour to Lessons."

Then again take Pictorial Teaching. I mean, first, the painting in words scenes of local interest, or other. Secondly, the drawing out of common things the pictures they enfold. Here, for instance, what riches there are ; your great Abbey, your battles, your martyrs. Think of that Summer day, that 20th of June, when the stout soldier, who gave our city its name, passed up the gentle slope,

amongst the flowers so lovingly mentioned by the old Chronicler, just as the sun was setting in its glory over the pleasant fields : and the river below, with its evening smile, looked so peaceful and so glad, as up he passed, that simple, gallant-hearted Christian man, passed up for the grim work of dying ; and left behind him such a light on these your grassy hills as earthly sunshine never gave, the glorious afterglow which immortality begun sends back for all who have the heart to see, an afterglow of life for evermore. And your noble Abbey, with its vast sweep of poetry in stone, takes up the tale, and hands the great picture on, full of the twilight charm of generations passed away, full of the deeds which all the happy, or fierce toilsome years have sent rolling through those silent watchful walls ; full of dreams, full of realities : which are the dreams, and which the realities, who shall avail to tell ? Cannot a voice be given to these things ?

Then again, take the pictorial secrets of the common world. Give God's great picture-book a chance. Put a tongue into every visible thing. They are eager to speak. For example, a wet cloak—what a poor limp thing it is ; but Shakespear touches it, and makes his laughter's face laugh, till it is like “a wet cloak, ill laid up.” How all the puckers, and wrinkles, and creases, all the helpless hopeless crumpling up of the ungovernable laughter is stamped with the language stamp of the wet

cloak for ever ! Or hear the Canadian's picture of a stingy man who had just given three cents—for charity ! “How they came squealing out of the tips of his fingers like a dying rat.” Look on a caterpillar, as one, who lives and dies leaving behind as the record of his life, a few marks of what he has destroyed. Or, the dead thorn, with no life but much scratching power. Or, the rivulet that turns hindrances into music. Or, no stream so clear that the cold-hearted cannot draw a fog from it. But enough, I wish to point out that this can go on for ever. Thinking in shape, again ; that is, never learning anything without calling up a picture of it in the mind, and putting feeling into the picture, would require an essay by itself. I meant also to have said something about the cost of School. But I can only give a clue to it.

The cost, I mean, of the teaching which the pupil ought to get, not the cost of the pupil himself, who, in many instances, gets nothing.

1 The whole kingdom bristles with statistics of the cost of each pupil ; and I am irresistibly reminded when I see the figures, and the result of them, of Aaron's account of his experiment in the now familiar game of Topsy-turvy, or the Leader led, “The people gave me of their gold, and then I cast it into the fire, and lo ! *there came out this calf.*”

The cost of teaching turns on the number of pupils that can be taught properly in one class. If twenty-three pupils require a teacher to themselves

for the main work, then twenty-three pupils must pay enough to support that teacher.

If beside this a third of another teacher's time is taken for another subject, another third of a teacher must be added.

If the whole time is absorbed, as in the case of a Boarding School, then the outschool hours, the responsibilities, and influence of an able influential person require to be paid for. Then the buildings, and playgrounds, plant and apparatus, with their wear and tear, have to be paid for. So a true School Bill runs something in this way:—

Class Teaching	=	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \frac{1}{23} \text{ of a Teacher's Salary.} \\ \frac{1}{66} \text{ of a Teacher's Salary, \&c.} \end{array} \right.$
House Charges.		
Board	=	Board.
Responsibility and whole time	}	= Responsibility and whole time.
Buildings, wear and tear, &c.		
	}	= Buildings, wear and tear.

The whole of this cannot possibly be done for each and all at a cheap rate.

The Buildings at Uppingham alone amount to an original outlay of about £100,000, for one example.

Rather diminish the quantity demanded than the quality.

Above all, never teach the few at the expense of the many.

I will conclude with a few sober words on the work before us. O you, the Forlorn Hope, who

are still able to work, work on. You, the Forlorn Hope, who still hold fast to the two great axioms—the first, that the whole human being is the teacher's care; and that you will not cut the child in half; and the second, that each child must be taught, the worst as carefully as the best; you, who, if asked what you want, are ashamed to answer, "A lottery ticket for the scramble in the market place of Vanity Fair;" you, who if asked what is your aim, are ashamed to answer, "To feed 20 on the pay of 100, and send 80 away dinnerless; you, parents, who love your own children, and the poor man's hopes too well for this; you, schools, that are not yet squeezed out of existence by nurse-made law and squall, work on, hope on.

Truth is strong. Many a lost battle has been victory to come.

Honesty is not cheap, but it is honesty.

Progress is not nurse-law, but it is progress.

Be not dismayed at the difficulty. Be not dismayed at the cost.

Above all, never lose sight of the great truth, Give not; lend, help, support, but give not.

No man can do for another what that other ought to do for himself.

Never pauperise; never give; never let others prey on your life, nor you on theirs.

The Christian Church tried it for fourteen hundred years, and failed.

God lends, and comes back, ay, comes back in this world, to exact strict account from His servants of the talents entrusted to their charge. The devil gives, "All these things will I give unto thee," says he; for ruin follows all men who do not pay the price in life for the life work they live on, be they rich or be they poor. God lends, the devil gives.

And we—we, who believe in life, and progress, and the brotherhood of workers, will in all honour try to make School teach the whole being, teach everyone, honestly, with prevailing skill.

So God us help as we make Teaching, crowned or discrowned, our queen; and, however small our kingdom may be, set our queen on her rightful throne, having first made sure that we have found the true queen, and are not shouting glory to a usurper, and a sham.



AN ADDRESS TO THE TEACHERS OF
MINNESOTA.

AN ADDRESS TO THE TEACHERS OF MINNESOTA.

WORKERS are bound to help fellow-workers if they can. In obedience to a request that has been made to me, I venture to address the teachers of Minnesota. We are not altogether strangers. You and I have joined hands and interchanged life through your acceptance of the "Theory and Practice of Teaching." Yet this advantage has the heavy drawback for me, that you have already partaken of my best—and now you ask for more. How shall I better my best? Yet for your sake I will try. Be charitable, and receive it in a kindly spirit. For the sake of the good cause I will try; the good cause of Teaching, the good cause of our common blood and the brotherhood of life—words that carry now no idle meaning. Assuredly a new era of brotherhood has begun. We stand on the threshold of a new creation. The Steamship, the Railway, and the Telegraph, have annihilated space; and the consequences, which in part we already know, must follow. The same kind of union must come on a great scale from greater

causes, which has already come in miniature from lesser. Slow movements and seldom, as roads and ships made better way, gave place to quickened intercourse, quickened intercourse made tribes into states, states into nations, nations into empires, in spite of differences, in spite of feuds. And by a law of nature, in like manner, our new world, with its miles turned into yards, its far extremes brought near, its vastness shrunk, so that the whole earth has become a kind of home farm of the human race, will by degrees consolidate into great communities all like-minded peoples and languages. Of these the English-speaking race is the greatest, the visible head. Thus it is coming to pass that the brotherhood of man, which slow movement rendered impossible, excepting in spirit, has now passed into the region of visible fact, and is taking an outward shape.

The first and most active proof of this will be the interchange of thought. How silently, yet with what prevailing power, the thought creations pass to and fro. With what ethereal subtlety the spirit of a Mrs. Ewing, for instance, floats from continent to continent in waves of light and life; how delicate the sweet heart-message that glides with its unseen presence into the log hut in the forest and the city homes alike, and becomes yours as much as ours; more, if you love it more. Thus thought acknowledges no separation any longer. Unity of language, unity of feeling, have free play.

The very gossamers of the brain, light and frail as they seem, a jest, a humorous speech, fill the whole air; and England sparkles with wit from you; and all the homely growth of common earth is gemmed with dewdrops of mirth, and laced with graceful texture of fine-spun mind. Barriers are broken up. Life is passing out regardless of distance, regardless of country, regardless of climate, regardless of custom, regardless of all the hard facts that sea and land have hitherto set in the way of outward friendship. This is the first state of things. This can be seen by all. No one so blind who does not know so much. But there is an inner spirit, a secret invisible truth moving. And even as birds settling on the Telegraph wires clasp the lightning message with senseless feet, and stand on the magic cords as a common perch, and know it not, so it may be with men. They may lay grasping hands of hard familiar use on rail, and ship, and wire, and never know the prophet-voice within, the inspiration of the life that moves, the real message of the birth to come. But new life is being born, and they who heed may know. As surely as the old kingdoms grew by a natural growth through roads, so surely will the voices speeding through the world now call into being great communities of kindred thinkers; and the governments of the future will be grand combinations of the more enlightened peoples for common welfare. This is their prophecy; their sure word to us. A brotherhood of nations is

1 intended to be formed, a union over vast areas will take place; and the great English-speaking race throughout all the world will feel their kindred, will know their power, and enter on their inheritance of peace.

This is certain in its main outline. The movements of life compel it. The laws of nature must act. It would be easy, did time permit, to prove that a new world is being born, that the travail pangs have begun, that the birth, however long the travail lasts, will bear the impress of the present hour; will in the next few years, because things are so new, so tender, so young, take its shape and capacity for growth unalterably; and be fixed in its main structure, till broken up again, perchance thousands of years hence, to make room for a higher birth still.

Teachers of Minnesota, here is our place. This new world will assuredly be what teachers make it. Let who will scoff at the word. Back behind all, back behind whatever the perseverance, the good fortune, the brain power, the special gifts of special men may do, lies the great fact that the mass of mankind, the working body, which determines in the end the fate of the world (for what can be done without instruments?), is what the teachers make them. The skilled workman is the lord of all things on earth. And the highest skilled work is the work which creates the newer life of the coming time, by moulding the instruments and training the living

powers that work the work which makes the life of time. And the foremost teachers of the foremost nations are the chief creators of the life that is to be.

Teachers of Minnesota, let who will scoff, the English-speaking race is at the head of the world that now is. And the foremost Teachers of the English-speaking race are the most living creators of the life that is to be.

That is our destiny—yours and ours. We may do it, or may not do it; be true or be traitors; but it is our inheritance; it is ours.

Let us then enthrone the skilled workman. But he must be no idol, no false god, but a real, living, active embodiment of skill and goodness, a true combination of the tender heart, with its impressible teachable power, and the strong brain with its active, grasping, subtle, busy efficiency of instrumental hardness. This can only exist in perfection where there is much life able and willing to have intercourse with much life. And this again can only be where there are favouring conditions, channels prepared for the flow of thought, easy ground for workers to meet on, willingness to meet and be helped, and, above all, the great unselfish cause of teaching the right crowned in the midst, and the shaping life for good taken by each and all to animate the great brotherhood of creative workers.

I congratulate you on having such conditions,

such channels of thought, such common grounds, such willingness to meet, such a crowned cause; and all the more because we have not got them here. We have the cause; we have the heart; but we have not got the means, the helpful union. Your Institutes, with their annual gatherings, appear to me the wisest beginning of true work that it is possible to devise. Your bringing home to each district the life and experience of your best centre is perfect in theory, and, I doubt not, admirable in practice. In this way the central heart sends the arterial blood to the farthest extremity and the weakest limb. And all partake of the common life; each part receiving, and returning of its best in practice and experience to the heart again. I congratulate you on this. Be glad. You do not know what it is to live alone, to have the outer world only come to you in the shape of examination, inspection, and chains; we do. Believe me then how great your gain is. You have help. You have guidance. You have experience and friendship at work. Be glad. There are then these channels for the flow of life. But what of the life blood? What of the skill? Good, I doubt not. But life that does not better itself is not life. So I am all the more encouraged in speaking to you. It may be that a fresh current, because it is fresh, may freshen the life. At least you expect me to try and pour into you something not worthless, if only because it may be new.

We stand in a new world.

The old world was a world of heaping up slowly knowledge hardly won.

The old world knew but little, and valued knowledge very highly ; had plenty of time for thought if it chose, and thought much, without being conscious how valuable thought was.

The old world had a limited range of knowledge, and human life could master it. Hence it came to pass that knowledge—fact-collecting, that is—and memory naturally was all in all ; and, what is most important, life was long enough to do the knowledge work.

Moreover, few did it ; a few at the top of the social scale alone were employed in learning, or had anything to do with it.

There was a knowledge caste.

A system of knowledge-hunting grew up under these circumstances. And it is hard not to think that the knowers, unconsciously perhaps, made knowing difficult, and prized their heaps because they were big, as a miser might, not because they were useful. The grapes of Eshcol were good, and the promised land delightful, but——there were giants in the land, and the people had better not try to go in.

Now, however, what are the conditions which meet a teacher ? which meet the taught ? First of all, a mass of knowledge that no man can master, that not even the chosen few can master ; a mass

of knowledge that pushes all thought out of its area; there is no time to think. Thought is squeezed out of existence by the weight of other people's facts.

Then there is such a multiplicity of subjects that no man can even try them all, that not even the chosen few can try many, much less master them. And lastly, that all are to be taught, not the chosen few only.

All are to be taught.

And knowledge is infinite.

And life is short.

And average brains are weak.

And few have time to spare.

And time is short even to them.

Teachers of Minnesota, what is to be done? How can this be dealt with?

This is our problem.

I answer boldly, first break down the knowledge idol. Smash up the idolatry of knowledge. Frankly and fairly admit that the majority of mankind cannot get much knowledge; and that any attempt to make them get it is a manufacture of stupidity, a downward education. It can't be done. Directly any subject is proposed in any programme, the question arises, what is to be kicked out to make room for it? Answer that, before taking up a new thing.

The first question then in this great problem is, what can all do? And what ought all to do?

And then, according to the time at our disposal, what are the next subjects, and the next, which experience has shown to be the best for the exercising and drawing out the highest powers of mind, and nourishing them ?

Before these points can be settled we must know what we want. If knowledge is an impossibility and cannot be got to any extent ; if the best knowers are the best knowers by virtue of being ignorant of many subjects outside their own range ; if ignorance is not only not blameworthy, but a necessity for all in many things ; for the majority in most things ; above all, if too much knowledge squeezes out thought ; we are brought face to face with the question, whether the calling out thought, and strengthening mind, is not an entirely different and higher process from the putting in knowledge, and heaping up facts ; or, in a sharp contrast, whether it is not possible theoretically to separate skill entirely from knowledge ; whether the skilled workman cannot be master of infinite skill, and be ignorant of much that mankind glory in ; whether, in fact, we have not first to choose deliberately a large amount of ignorance, and fling our omniscience into the common sewer, if we ever mean to be skilled workmen ourselves, masters of mind, and lords of thought, or to teach others to be skilled workmen.

I say it must be done ; or, in other words, our subject is to find what all can do, and our aim is to

make all skilled workmen. All can be trained. Few can be knowledge-receptacles. Remember too, the skilled workman has his skill in himself, and does not mean to make his life into a miserable traffic of cheap-jack goods sold cheap in the nearest market.

I leave it to you to decide what can be done; merely remarking, that of necessity a thorough mastery in reading our own language aloud, well, so as to gain a ready entrance into the great treasure-house of English-speaking thought, is the first thing; and, secondly, the other side of the same question of that which is possible, what are you going to kick out, in order to admit what?

A careful selection of subjects which train the mind is necessary for the highest education; but this is beyond the scope of the present question.

Let us pass on. There are three main factors in all teaching work. It is important to start with a clear idea of them. The Teacher has to deal with ignorance, idleness, and want of skill. Ignorance is the not knowing. Idleness is the culpable refusal to try and know. Skill is the power of making hand, eye, or mind, do with exactness what has to be done.

To begin with the last. Call on a pupil to take a pencil, and lift it above his head, and hit exactly the spot • marked on the paper, four times quickly. His failure will be ludicrous. But he knew what to do, he was not ignorant. He tried to do it, he

was not idle. But he could not do that simple thing from want of skill. Here we have a quiet example of the wide distinction between ignorance, idleness, and skill. This distinction is of vital importance. I have no hesitation in saying that if every teacher, and pupil, set themselves resolutely at first to do with skill what is already known, a new creation of thought-work would have begun, a new mind would be produced into the world. Want of skill, or skill, are with the worker always, in things known, or not known, equally; but ignorance is outside him, and may do him no harm.

The first law of teaching is this: the Teacher will make his pupil do what he knows with skill.

This naturally leads us on to the great question of thought, and how to think.

Think in shape.

Let me put this before you. Your class is reading History. They come across the narrative of the battle of Marathon; the lesson-hearer examines them on the facts and puts at the top of his class the boy who writes them down most accurately from memory. Well; what has he written down? an auctioneer's catalogue of a series of actions.

Now let us number roughly the mental possibilities.

1. The fact catalogue, pure memory.
2. A useful idea of the facts.
3. A mental picture of the scene and persons.

4 A thrilling and imaginative feeling for the mental picture.

5. A dramatic representation on the stage.

6. The actual presence at the battle, what it is to those who fight.

I have left out of the series a painted picture, because that is subject to the same laws of mind as the mental picture. A child can see the vital distinction between writing out an invoice of the facts, like so many sacks of corn, and the degrees of mental skill represented by the pictorial faculty, and thinking in shape.

The knowledge-monger will work for the invoice. The Teacher for the picture. Try this; and the power of it will be felt. Leave it alone; and no words of mine, or anyone, will unlock for you the doors of the new world.

This pictorial clue again leads us on to the necessity of working with proper appliances. The skilled workman must have his tools. The tools of the teacher are the eye-languages; everything that by its beauty gives honour to lessons, everything that by its pictorial power brings reality to the mind.

Here I would lay down that I consider photography to the teacher is almost as great an invention as printing, and in time it will be known to be so.

I have evidence from experience here of the truth of these words. Every school, as soon as possible,

ought, as its necessary tools, to be full of photographs ranging over a wide extent of subjects akin to the work done, or pertaining to art, and man's higher nature.

The school of the future will as soon think of being without books as without pictures.

I would also observe—again appealing to experience here—that lesson-rooms and the surroundings of lessons, should by their beauty, or their fitness, as the case may be, give honour to lessons.

The rooms should tell no lie, but speak the truth, the honourable truth, about the work done in them by being full of honour for the work. The furniture of the rooms, and the treatment of the furniture, should give glory to lessons, the noblest occupation in this wide world after religion, and, if done in a truly religious spirit, the noblest.

This can be managed more easily than people think. Any artist who is able to paint the flowers and birds of his district can be a wall-decorator, without ever touching a wall. Either oil paintings, as is the case of the schoolrooms here, which have been decorated by that first-rate artist, Mr. Charles Rossiter—to whom I owe all I am now saying—or water-colours, as is the case with a room we have painted for the townspeople, can be mounted and cemented to the wall. This is more durable than fresco in an uncertain climate.

Again, when shall we have our lesson-books beautifully illustrated? The first man who does

this, in a living way, at a reasonable price, will be a benefactor to mankind; and, if mankind are moderately wise, will make his fortune.

I throw out these hints; space does not allow me to do more, though lives on lives can be spent on working out some of them. At least, I know after many years' work I am only looking through the keyholes of the doors which I am trying to open for you. I see glimpses of the landscape, and the path, and the light on the path, and all the life of it; I hope you will enter in and make it your own. But the vast difference between this exquisite gladness of new exploration, and the standing up to the neck in rules, in a hole, cannot be exaggerated. The dropping unconnected fragments into the minds of boys, and being annoyed when they don't understand broken bits of knowledge, and are not interested in the uninteresting, will in time cease to be called teaching.

I suppose everybody is inspirited by the hope of work being complete and effective. I, for my part, rejoice in writing to know that my words are to belong to girls and women, and not to men only. I hold that nation to be highest in the world which gives the highest place to women as workers. I hold that nation to be highest which, in a true way, has got the farthest in recognising woman's mission as a worker, whose unique power it is to undermine and discredit force, to make work lovely, to present a living example of the highest influence depending

on gentleness and helpfulness. How coarse, how vulgar the tyranny of strength appears when set side by side with the calm superiority of womanly weakness in its nobility and truth. The perfection of working life is the prevailing excellence of attractive grace, the charm of the irresistible beauty of the highest truth. For there is only one definition of beauty. Beauty is the highest thought in its truest shape.

In this world of rough and violent effort the paramount and final authority of quiet, gracious life it is woman's work to proclaim. As teachers their influence is wonderful. Your schools, if they have put this great fact in a working shape, are by that alone the foremost in capability in the world.

One more word. Whatever men say or think, *the almighty wall is, after all, the supreme and final arbiter of schools.*

I mean, no living power in the world can overcome the dead, unfeeling, everlasting pressure of the permanent structure, of the permanent conditions under which work has to be done. Every now and then a man can be found to say honestly—

“Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.”*

But men are not trained to freedom inside a prison. The prison will have its due. Slowly but surely

* Lovelace.

the immovable, unless demolished, determines the shape of all inside it.

Teachers of Minnesota, examine well, in no discontented spirit, seriously, hopefully, the structure of your schools—the buildings, the appliances, the tools, the whole apparatus for work, living or material. Be not hasty, but never rest till you have got the almighty wall on your side, and not against you. Never rest till you have got all the fixed machinery for work, the best possible. The waste in a Teacher's workshop is the lives of men. And what becomes of the waste? You cannot take your failures and lynch them; they live on; they persist in living on; and they hang heavy on the neck of all progress; they form the cumberers of the ground, or worse, who drag down the national life.

A friend has observed to me, that whilst fully agreeing with the strong condemnation of the knowledge-fragments and lump-work which often passes for teaching, he is inclined to be tolerant of it "as half a loaf is better than no bread." So am I, as far as the half-loaf theory is true; and not unfrequently it is true. But it is not true always. The half-loaf is wholesome bread; the mischief is, there is not enough of it. Now good bread, good appetite, and not enough to eat, might with a little modification be accepted as a definition of by no means bad education. My complaint is, that the bread is not bread, but bad, unbaked dough; and that lumps of dough are to be forced down the

throats of those who do not hunger. Much is dropped, much the poor stomachs reject, and occasionally, like a wretched boy not long ago, some miles from here, who swallowed thirteen consecutive buns, and died in consequence, the victims who do gorge themselves are killed for all useful and practical work ever after. The swallowing system is wrong. Look to it. The thirteen buns are not good. No, nor the full belly, however good the food, if the exercise, and the strength, and the skilful use of strength, is not to be the outcome of feeding. Your business is to train athletes, not to fatten geese.

Once more, remember the almighty wall. Make sure of your system. Make sure of your structure. Athletes are not bred in pastry-cooks' shops, or free men in prisons. But above all accept in a manly, frank way what you have got, and what is now possible. Never lose the present by whining about the future. Some sow, and others reap. But good work knows no distinction between them.

Now farewell. If I have succeeded in dropping a clue or two, and they give you half the pleasure and profit that the finding and following them has given me, I shall be greatly rewarded. It would take volumes, it would take years, it would take centuries, to pursue the subject to its end, or to trace its great arteries and veins with all their flow of life. But interest can be roused, pleasure can be given, hope can be awakened, enthusiasm fired. If I have not

done this, at all events I have brought my contribution of sympathy, and laid it at your feet. And I will say to you in the words of George Herbert, England's sacred poet,

"Scorn no man's love however mean he be,
Love is a present for a mighty king."

So then scorn me not. Scorn not the effort to help, the effort to breathe common life, to cheer and be cheered. In this wonderful pouring together of the heart-blood of the world, brought about in our generation by the Wisdom which appoints the times and seasons of human life as completely as the revolution of the suns, whilst all see the railways, the steamships, and wires : there are, who see the spirit-message running on its way. Those who are in the secret lift up their eyes and minds, and know the great English-speaking race overspreading the world with a language that undoes the curse of Babel, with a life-history which is an inheritance of honour, which is rank, and a title to every worthy son of the great family, with a brotherhood, which is yet to be that liberty which is a law to itself. The very fact that you ask me to speak, and I am speaking to you, and you are hearing, bears witness to our belonging to this noble band of brothers. We clasp hands across the sea ; and I call on you, as our hands clasp, to be true to your great mission, to put the skilled workman on his throne, to be skilled workmen yourselves, ever improving, and to mould the coming age with skill. Bear your part

in binding together your people and ours in one mighty unity of unselfish work, which intends to be lord of this world by the right divine of self-sacrifice and truth, and to pass on for ever in the light of wisdom and peace.

A SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE HIGH
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, LEAMINGTON.

A SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, LEAMINGTON.

No one, I believe, who thinks how much he owes to the lives and writings of gracious women, will be slow to come forward and try his best for their sake. To me, at all events, the memory of Mrs. Ewing especially is as a gleam of light across my path, always calling on me to do what I can, when asked to give support to good work for women. How much more, then, must I obey when honoured names command me, and I stand, as I stand here to-day, under orders from Mrs. and Miss Kingsley, to carry out their bidding. I come also with much sympathy with the work itself, and for the success of your late Head-mistress, Miss Gadesden; and I may add of your present Head-mistress, Miss Huckwell.

This is a day of Prize-giving. Let me say a few words about prizes. There are some who think that no prizes ought ever to be given, and many hard things are said about them. Well, if ambition and racing is the meaning of prize-giving, I think so too. If prizes mean a hunt for distinction at the

1 expense of the weak and stupid (how I hate the very word "stupid" as bearing witness to contemptuous feeling), then I would wipe them out of existence. All the prizes in the world are not worth the wounded feelings of the vanquished, or the curse of the false glory of the winner. But prizes are natural. It is natural for honest merit to receive its reward, both in this world and the world to come. That good work should be acknowledged is a natural desire, and no unrighteous hope. St. Paul, at all events, thought so. He tells us to "press forward to the mark for the prize of our high calling." And he is not afraid, in speaking to heathens, when all the world, excepting a few, was heathen, to put before them in burning words the prizes won at the great games, when with thousand thousand eyes fixed upon them the champions of Greece stepped into the circle, and strove for the mastery. He fired their Christian zeal by recalling the excitement and enthusiasm of these national contests, and bids them take all the glowing feelings of the struggle, and send the same fiery valour into the Christian life, only in an immortal unselfish way. Prizes, then, are natural, nay, a divine institution. They are, moreover, memorials of early days not unfruitfully passed, and of having done well in the beginning of life. Year succeeds year; and the young grow old, and the prize-winner of to-day becomes the parent of to-morrow, and earlier memories are pushed out by later facts, and much

is forgotten that it is well to remember; but prizes as memorials of childhood well spent call on the children to be worthy of them; and school-days full of honour are no mean possession in a family, proving, as they do, that no flash, no chance, but steady work, good work, begun early, has laid the solid foundation of the home, and the secret of the after life may be discovered in the obedience and earnestness of School. As memorials, then, and witnesses, prizes may in this way have a holy power quite their own.

But also, if there is ambition and false glory, the question is not yet settled. Viewed even as a possible field for the basest rivalry, prize-giving, nevertheless, affords opportunity for the most honourable training, for self-denial, when those who win gain from their fellow scholars, as they have done to-day, loving applause.

We are to be trained for life. Life is no summer day's holiday. We are to be trained for the battle of life. There can be no battle without trial, no fight without training. And if there is no battle practice, no drill, what sort of soldiers shall we be? I say it is good to learn in little things the self-mastery, which will have to be used in great things; good to practise in pennies the control which will have to be tempted by pounds; good to learn to struggle, to win, or—lose—with perfect temper at school, to strive without envy, to be eager without rivalry, gentle if successful, gentler still if

defeated. For these reasons, therefore, I find myself thoroughly at home in heart and feeling in giving your prizes to-day. These are very true and powerful reasons. And I myself, whilst feeling intensely strongly that true work is its own exceeding great reward, and sorry as I should be for one moment to dim the brightness of that bright truth, still more sorry to give the slightest encouragement to mean ambition, or add a spark to that black fire, do know that I am in my right place at this present prize-giving, do rejoice in the pleasant task of cheering on successful merit, do sympathise with the prize-winners, and am proud to be their servant.

But if I glorify prize-winning, far more would I glorify defeat. To be defeated, and go on the better for being defeated, is the highest thing that can happen to man. There is no blessing equal to defeat. I can truly say for myself that everything which I now care for as I stand here, has come to me out of pain, suffering, defeat. It needs must be so. The great cause of living life demands life's highest powers; and how can high power, and perseverance, and unselfish work; how can hardihood, patience, self-mastery, unconquerable faith, be brought into existence even without defeat? How can base motives, and meaner passions be extinguished without defeat? There is one grand example of what defeat means, which I will venture to quote. History gives us a marvellous heroic act, of almost super-human self-sacrifice, which stands alone in its

unapproachable greatness as soon as it is seen and rightly understood. I cannot help thinking that the noblest deed of mere humanity—counting the cost and all that was given up—that was ever done on this earth, was done when Moses stepped out of his palace in Egypt. Moses the warrior, the mighty prince, the wise in learning, threw in his lot with slaves, his brethren, and cast away a throne, and risked his life for the sake of the slave, and the promise of God with the slave. Yet Moses was met, as he thus went out, with crushing defeat; defeat crushing, absolute, irredeemable; in the morning, a king in the greatest kingdom on earth, before nightfall, a solitary outcast, fleeing from the sword of the avenger. What a contrast! How strange! No, not strange in the kingdom of life. He trusted to have headed a bloody insurrection, and to have led the slaves in a murderous outburst of fury against their hated masters, and to have conquered by their hatred and his skill in war. Where then would have been the salvation of the world, and Abraham's promise? Nay, where would have been the gain to the people? By such success the chosen people of God would only have exchanged the mean brutality of the slave for the still more brutal meanness of the cruelty and lust of successful murder and conquest added to it. Mean slaves, but tyrants meaner still. Victory would have been a curse of death, and ruin, and greed, and tyranny, let loose to work destruction in their

hearts. If a nation is to be great, or a man, they must be great from within. Blood and rapine, and murder, and successful hate only make a more despicable and more hopeless slave. Therefore Moses had to fly, a solitary wanderer, and for forty silent years in the wilderness to learn the glorious lesson of tenderness, and patience, and self-devotion that really devotes self, to learn that the great promise cannot come by force, and to find defeat the highest blessing.

To bring up the rear of the lost battle in a good cause, is the greatest thing in the world. For the lost battle is always the victory of life later on. It is a law of nature that it must be so. First of all, no great cause can be won by mean and selfish workers. Ladders from hell (as the old divine said) do not scale heaven. The workers must be trained to unselfishness by defeat. And, secondly, a great cause is intense vitality wrapped up in a small seed. And the slowness of the growth will be in proportion to the greatness of the life. The sower, then, of a true seed, may be well content if, after years of defeat and struggling, he is allowed at last to catch some glimpse of the promised land from the summit of his toilsome old age. This is a law of nature. Defeat is the hallowed means by which greatness is made great. Be happy, then, you who are defeated, if the defeat is honest, and the right stuff is in you; be happy, character is better than prizes.

Now let us pass from the prizes of work to the work itself. The work in which you are engaged, and the work of every educated nation in its highest education, is, and must be for ever, the highest form of thought and feeling. This is self-evident. Thought and feeling are the ruling powers, and if there is any way in which thought and feeling of necessity find their best expression, that way will be the highest training for mankind. This fact is not measured by a standard of utility. The moment you depart from thought and feeling you drop into a lower world of instruments and instrumental power, which however useful or necessary, is a lower world. A spade is useful and necessary, cannon may be of paramount importance, but who would compare a spade, or a cannon, the embodiment of mere hard power, with the glorious creations of thought and feeling which have come to us in all their power and sweetness out of the lives of noble men and women?

Translated into common language this means, that literature, the written expression of what the highest lives have thought and felt, and said and done, must of necessity be the main training, wherever high training is given. And the great practical fact stands out clear, that word-language, by a very law of nature, holds undisputed pre-eminence as the educational power in all highly educated nations. Accordingly, I rejoice that you are being trained in languages. Word-language has

infinite power. The mere mechanism of the words is marvellous, the kind of life in them which makes delicate changes of single letters even instinct with new shades of meaning. Where two or more languages are compared together, and the minds of the learners exercised by being made to note the subtle differences which accompany the transmission of thought from one language to another, differences which leave the thought the same, it is impossible to exaggerate the mental skill called out and quickened by such a practice.

But without going to other languages, remember that all knowledge, all thought, all feeling, everything in the world that passes between man and man, passes through language, which like a pipe receives and carries it all. All that human nature sends from soul to soul flows through it. If the pipe is narrow, or blocked, all communication ceases so far. In other words the soul is imprisoned, and communication cut off. It is a great misfortune to be shut up in the prison of a few words,—to be dumb. It is computed that an ignorant man only uses about five hundred words, whilst Shakespeare has used fifteen thousand. Using only five hundred words not only means the want of power to put out thought, but also the not having thought to put out, for every fresh word a man gets, is either a new thought or a new aspect of a thought. The fifteen thousand words not only mean increased power in giving utterance to feelings,

but that feelings and thoughts are equally expanded. The difference is immense.

Yet perhaps this increase in power, this thought empire, great as it is to be a lord of thought, is as nothing compared to the gain in judgment, self-defence, and bringing conviction to the minds of others, that accuracy in the use of words gives. The accuracy necessary to do word-work well is an invaluable training, because it is so various, so common. All the common business of common life turns on an accurate use of words. Probably all in this room, myself included, are but imperfect masters of words, and not practised as we ought to be in the strangely magical word power of our own language. Without entering into any subtleties, the familiar word "world" has twelve good, fat, separate meanings in common use. If any have been in the habit of regarding it as one word, they have been greatly mistaken; just as much mistaken as if they regarded a Chinese box as one, and an intelligent person came, opened it, and turned out fifty from inside it. What a fearful and wonderful power lies in words. Not to know the power of words renders a person the easy prey of any talker of talk, and in the present day of talkers of talk there are more than enough of them. What a pitiable spectacle to the sober-minded our great talkers are. This then is no slight reason why you are trained in word-language. I rejoice that you are thus trained.

But word-language after all, though the chief expression of thought, is only one of many. Painting, Music, Architecture, all that the eye sees, or the ear hears, is thought that has taken shape. They all follow the same laws, making allowance for the difference of the means. The chairs on which you are sitting, the room, the table, are all thoughts of man speaking to the eye. If any of you girls can write an essay on your chair which shall distinguish it from everything else, and paint in a vivid way the ideas which belong to it; well! the School will have reason to be proud of you. It is no easy matter to decipher and interpret all the human thought that passes into a work of man. It is all speech. A picture is speech. We ought to be able to stand before every picture in the world and ask the question, what is its message? Is it noble or mean, true or false? And according to the answer pass judgment on the artist, a judgment far more important than whether he has stuck the paint on the canvas with artistic skill. Nay, a bit of broken plate in the African desert has its message, too. It tells at once that man has been there. Why, pray? Only because he has left a memorial of his thought in the sand. And is the eye, able to see it, less a memorial of creative thought than the bit of burnt clay that tells so much? All nature is God's thought put in shape for us to see or hear. Look at the hawk wheeling amongst the mountains, with the vastness of space as its reign, or dropping from

the rough, fierce crag, or hovering near the solemn summits of the hills, hark to its wild, shrill cry, how the bird and the cry fit the place, and the place the bird. Go to the sea, and mark the wild waste of waters and the sea-gulls in their stormy home, shrieking in bold free flight, with the deep bass of the sea below in unison. Watch the rivulet singing at its work of peace. The flowers gemming earth with sunbeams they have caught and kept. Listen to the mountains calling aloud to climb, to be active, to be brave; and say, is not all creation one great harmony of martial music—warning, praise, prayer, blended together? We move to the tune of the voice of God, even as the Parables of our Lord have taught us, bidding us all give heed, saying, “He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.” O Language learners, take these words to heart.

So far of work in general. Let me say a few words on the special work of Women; “Woman’s Mission,” according to the cant term. Well, woman has a mission, whatever we may think of some of its advocates, a very plain mission, if you listen to the Bible. God tells us He created woman to work, a worker as a help meet for man the worker. Both were to be workers, and each to fill up what was wanting in the other’s work. But if women were to be fellow workers in the world, they must be trained how to work. All work requires training. Even digging. How then can you pass into the

greatness of the world, which has been gathering experience for so many thousand years, without training? How share in it all, and go onwards with new experiences, if you have never learnt how to do it, never worked in any true sense? What then is the work and training to be? The facts of life will tell us. Look at the facts. Man has the strong arm, would you match him? You had better not try. Woman's mission does not lie in the strong arm. It is in savage life that the strong arm rules. The stronger, the more savage.

And is the strong brain a bit better? I should like to know in what respect the strong intellect, if guided wrong, is better than the strong arm? Both are equally savage as rulers. And modern civilised nations are to a great extent still savage in this idolatry of strength. We worship the strong brain regardless too often of the weak or mean character that wields it; not caring, moreover, for the weakness of unconquerable truth and endurance that nothing in this world can make yield. Woman's mission does not lie in the strong brain.

A comparison which you will certainly laugh at, and possibly despise, appears to me to fitly represent the triumphs of modern civilisation, and popular glory. A drunken navvy beating his wife is a true type of many a political or knowledge-proud hero. Yet, better ten thousand times be that navvy beating one whom he ought to love and honour, than be at the head of a great society, or a great king-

dom, with merciless strength of brain without character to match, mad drunk with vanity, dealing out—consciously or unconsciously—ruin, death, destruction, and bloodshed, over half a world. This is not woman's mission.

We shall find a clue to lead us, if we go back to the Bible again. Woman, we are told, brought about the Fall, and from that time it became woman's mission to undo the Fall. The history of the Fall, put into a few and simple words of English, is nothing more than that force was made god, and goodness thrust from its throne. The throne has to be given back to goodness, and force of arm or brain despised as the mean things, which by themselves they are. This is woman's mission, to make clear to everybody in the world the intense power of lovable weakness, when it does right; the irresistible victoriousness of helplessness and beauty, when it is enlisted on the side of truth.

And what is beauty? There is only one definition of beauty. Beauty is the highest feeling and thought in the truest shape. You will find this hold good throughout the whole range of created things. Let me illustrate this from a quarter where you would least expect to find it proved—I mean our bodies. Why are they *our* bodies? It is stated now that every particle in a human body changes in a year; in other words, that not one particle of ourselves here assembled to-day would reappear in this room if we met again a year hence. But we

should be here for all that. The reason is, there is a power within each which you may call life, or the soul, which day by day is making the body, its dwelling, as surely as a mason builds a house. That is why we call the body our own; the builder remains, though the materials change. And this builder, this life, builds a reflection of himself; and the face and the figure represent the life. No one ever yet saw a truly good old person ugly. By the time old age is reached the goodness within entirely transfigures features once plain. How familiarly we speak of the angry look, the joyous look; these, continually supplied from the life, become fixed. Everybody knows the way in which the drunkard and the profligate write their own history in their bodily appearance. Who cannot call to mind faces lighted up by expression, where noble feelings speak from features that beam with light, even as with St. Stephen just before his death, the whole assembly saw his face like the face of an angel; and in the Book of the Revelation the countenance of Our Lord was "as the sun shineth in its strength," form without outline, because of the glory of the excellence of the brightness of the life. And on the other hand, young faces with beautiful outline are often most uninteresting, and soon become repulsive, if evil or silliness is within shaping them. This then is beauty, noble spirit making the body noble, and it is part of woman's mission to be beautiful. You are neither rivals of

men, nor ought you to be dependents of man, but helpers, and examples, making work lovable. You have to take your own stand in families, and in society, each of you as—

“ A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death.”

If you want a description of a perfect woman, read that poem of Wordsworth's, “ She was a phantom of delight.” Or if you want the expressiveness of true beauty put into glorious words, take his poem beginning “ Three years she grew in sun and shower.”

We have spoken of undoing the Fall by enthroning goodness and beauty in the place of force; now look forward, take the great prophecy as your own, open your minds to the final revelation, that all mankind are to be presented as a Bride to Christ. Men are to be womanly in their virtues, women are to be the example of all glorious excellence. That is a prophecy worth thinking of. The main distinction between intellect and goodness turns largely on what has been now said. Intellect slowly learns, goodness sees what is lovely, and acts. Let me give an illustration, which I often use. You all know a field of young wheat. If you stand at the side looking crossways, athwart the furrows, there is total, absolute, hopeless confusion; the most intellectual man that ever lived, or shall live, shall not find any order, or disentangle the endless maze; but a child, a baby, standing at the end of the field,

and following humbly the track of the sower with his eye, sees by sight the whole plan at once, and its perfect order. In like manner the good heart sees truth, and does not want to be argued into it. And cannot be argued out of it. The stupid, who has seen, does not argue with his clever tempter; he simply says, "I won't," and he won't; and "I will," and he acts, where the other shrinks back. Strength is not wanted to see truth, only an eye.

With respect to knowledge I have this brief law to lay down—Know what you know! As for the old fashioned notion of "accomplishments," I can scarcely pronounce the word with patience. It degrades the highest subjects that the highest mind can deal with to the level of mere toys. Nevertheless no one can know too many things, provided they are thoroughly master of one main subject. An old English saying slightly altered is a definition of the perfectly educated man or woman, "Jack of all trades and master of one." But to be master of one noble subject means the hard struggle of the last ten yards of the fiercely contested race. Whereas "The Jack of all trades" only means the elastic spring of joyous activity and strength, that can run three-quarters of the race as amusement in pure delight.

In conclusion, we have dealt with work generally, and with school work. Your professional work needs a few words. For you will all have professional work; some, what everybody calls profes-

sional, as teachers, as nurses, as managers of various kinds; others, again, as daughters, or wives, have household duties as their professional life. You should make yourselves mistresses of everything you have to manage, so as to be able to pass the skilled judgment of a worker on it, and not speak as an amateur. Don't despise cookery; remember, cookery to the vast majority of mankind means home; and when the weary worker comes back from work wanting to refit, cookery alone can turn him out fit for work again. From this point of view, home is cookery. You are virtually sovereigns of home; make your kingdom what you can make it; be winsome, lovable, above all, helpful. To be helpful you must be trained. Accordingly I rejoice that both at Leamington and elsewhere, for the first time in the history of the world, an attempt is being made to put women, not individually, but one and all, on the grand platform of true workers. As for the ornament theory, all I can say is, I believe it to be of the devil.

The strong interest I feel in woman's true mission as a worker, and not a toy, has brought me here to-day. I do not mind whether things go entirely right or not. Nothing goes entirely right. Any fool can find fault. And road-makers cannot be so clean as those who walk on the roads they have made. There must be some dirt in a great new movement. And we are engaged in a great new movement. We are road-making. We are

starting on a new career, under new circumstances. If the principles and main facts are right, and I am sure they are, let us put up with a mistake or two. And whilst working patiently and in hope, remember you are obeying God's great charter of human life. God created women to work. She must, therefore, be trained to work. She must learn to make work lovely, to be helpful, to take her stand on the paramount power of a goodness that is helpful with the helpfulness of the workers of God.

A WORKMAN'S HINTS ON TEACHING
WORK.

A WORKMAN'S HINTS ON TEACHING WORK.

A LECTURE DELIVERED IN THE UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 5, 1887.

IF I understand my duty to-day aright, I am expected to give some facts and thoughts gathered from the experience of a working life. This is a very definite task, and relieves me at once from any necessity of spinning brain cobwebs, and you from hearing them. I stand here to-day as a workman, not by my own will, but acting under a request, which was to me a command; and, I freely admit, with a strong feeling for you, my audience, as well as with a filial regard for my University, and the days that are gone.

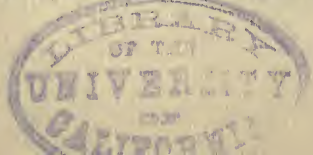
Working facts, then, and working skill are what we have to deal with to-day. The material that has to be worked, and how best to work it, is our subject.

Now, work is work. But it is a curious fact that teaching, the foundation-stone of the work of the world, has not taken definite place as work, or been subjected to the ordinary laws of work. Yet the original basis is very simple. There are two factors

only to be considered : the child to be taught, and the teacher.

In the first instance this is all. For what has to be taught is quite subordinate to the child that has to receive the teaching. Only experience can show what that child is. There is no such thing as teaching without practice, either for the teacher or the taught.

These two factors cannot be separated. There is no such person as the abstract shepherd. A shepherd is a shepherd because he keeps sheep. In Arcadia, indeed, so poets say, shepherds lie on grassy banks, and tune their pipes, and sing, and the sheep take care of themselves. Apparently, the shepherd that sings has found favour in England. At least, there is much singing in the air about teaching from those who have never taught a child. The abstract teacher is not dead. The shepherd without sheep lords it in the teaching world. The children have been left out of the programme. Arcadia is a blessed place, where the sweet piping of some inspired swain supersedes tar and turnips, frosty nights, hurdles, and hay. But the sheep will persist in being sheep ; and the children remain children still. Philosophers may tune up and sing, and government make laws to their music, but boys are boys, and will remain boys in spite of Arcadia. Until the children, the boys, the girls, their minds, and habits of mind, are all in all, Arcadia may sing, and the world may listen, but the work will not be done. For me, my



talk is of tar, and turnips, and hay ; I cannot sing, I am a shepherd or nothing.

The first thing is the child : the child as he really is, not the lay figure of Scriblerus's study, or the frontispiece of the last novelette. The child as yet has been left out, and must be put in. Only Arcadia deals in shepherds with shadowy sheep. The child has been left out, and must be put in. The child as he is, and not what dreamers make him. Beware of any song that deals with shadowy sheep, however sweet it may be, sugared with infallible statistics, or chanting angelically of the wondrous mechanism of mind and the workings of knowledge. It may all be very true in its place ; but the first and last question ought to be, " Where is the child ? " Only in Arcadia are there shepherds with shadowy sheep. Only in Arcadia is singing and piping installed as keeping sheep. Where is the child ?

Again, if I understand my duty aright, the possibility or impossibility of teaching at the present moment is no concern of mine. I am not here to speak of schools and their machinery, but of teaching.

An architect, speaking on architecture, takes no heed whether there is space enough to build on, or money enough at that time. Architectural skill is his subject. And teaching skill is ours. This determines what I ought to try to do, and you accept it or not, as you like.

Our subject is Teaching from the Teacher's point

of view. That is, our subject treats of the skill that can train the pupil in the best way, and show him how to work his mind most skilfully.

This again fixes a limit, and at once excludes mere memory work, and the art of memory. A teacher is not an elaborate parrot-master, and the pupil's memory is not his sphere of work. Yet, a few words on this head will not be out of place, in consequence of the prevailing idea that the getting of knowledge by the pupil, and the loading up of knowledge by the operator, are respectively the proper work of learner and master.

This is not true. Even in the matter of knowledge, which is absurdly over-rated, a teacher's object is to enable a pupil to get knowledge for himself.

A man is not made a fisherman by buying fish at a fishmonger's. Neither is the fishmonger a dealer in the art of catching fish. Fish ready caught, and bought, do not make a fisherman.

This cannot be too strongly insisted on. Nothing is done as long as the fishmonger poses as a fisherman, and a teacher of the art of fishing.

Every art, every branch of skill, turns on the knowledge of the artist and skilled workman how to do the work, and make others able to do the work.

Fishmongers are not fishermen, or teachers of the art of fishing.

The shopkeeper alone sells his goods to all who

buy them, without giving the power of producing them.

Do the Universities, the Government, and the parents want shopkeeping, or producing power?

Do they want memory, or mind?

Do they want knowledge, or strength?

Is a goods' station, with a clerk ticketing off the loaded trucks, the ideal?

The goods' station, with a clerk ticketing off the loaded trucks, is a fascinating display of busy order. And busy order, statistics, and neat columns of figures, are dear to the official eye. They *are* so neat, they are so infallible, they are so unanswerable, if only figures are wanted. But the shed of the skilled workman, where the things were made, is no such official paradise; and the skill of hand, and eye, and mind, acquired there, is not a matter of invoice, figures, and clerk-work.

The question lies in a nut-shell. Producing power is one thing, truck-work is another.

The undefined power of producing and teaching is undefined, especially in the earlier stages. And teaching and examinations are deadly enemies, as soon as examinations cramp the liberty necessary for teaching.

Where examinations reign, every novelty in training, every original advance, every new method of dealing with mind, becomes at once simply impossible. It is outside the prescribed area, and does not pay.

Questions of this kind require to be put out sharply. No true beginning can be made till they are answered.

If examiners condemn, and Trustees endorse their sentence, how can teachers work ?

If a Teacher has courage to face this, he cannot face the tacit refusal of the pupils to be taught, which is sure to follow, as the result of freedom destroyed.

I know this by personal experience. I have repeatedly been condemned by examiners, and found fault with to the Trustees, for the best work I do, and had not my pupils found out, before I was put in the dock by the Examiners, that it was good work, I could not even have tried it. I could not try it now.

Let us now suppose, for argument's sake, that we have answered the above questions, and wish to be Teachers, and not keepers of knowledge shops. How are we to set about it ?

I was once told a story of an Irish landlord who was great in pigs. His estates lay by the sea. He cast an observant eye round about, and saw that there were many fish in the sea, and much sea-weed on the shore, and a bright idea struck him. Pigs eat fish, and ought, he decided, to eat sea-weed. So he set to, and had the whole herd driven down to the coast, and left them in the midst of this plenty to feed. About a month after he bethought himself of looking to the success of his plan ; and he found

four or five old boars left, who had eaten, not the sea-weed, but their companions, and were in first-rate fighting order. What are we to think of this gentleman as a rearer and feeder of pigs? Did he do his duty by the pigs? He walled them in between rock and sea. He provided, theoretically, abundance of food. The sea was full of fish, the shore of sea-weed. But the ungrateful brutes did not appreciate all this, excepting the old boars, who throve mightily.

From that point of view, it was a grand success. Yet, I think we shall agree that this high-handed process was scarcely doing his duty by the pigs.

His duty was to take care of the whole multitude, to see that the weak had fair play, to see that the weak had food which they both could and would take, to see that they were not eaten by the strong, and to bring each to such perfection as he was capable of. Four old boars were a sorry success out of a herd a hundred strong.

Well! has a herd of boys a better chance? Is it fair to assume that, left to themselves, they must be able to eat the mental food provided?

There is the great sea of knowledge; but the fish they cannot get, the sea-weed they cannot digest.

Only the diligent and clever boys can do things for themselves.

Yet, I suppose, we are all agreed that there are, and will be again, idle, ignorant, and even stupid

boys. Are they to be turned out on the shore? or is it our business to make the best of them?

Everyone who wishes to be a Teacher will answer, "We must make the best of them." Be it so. But this means that the vast majority must have individual attention, and be looked to singly, and that there must be proper machinery, and proper structure and plan, to make this individual attention possible.

Innocent-looking sentences, but holding in themselves the seed power of a world.

Given a stupid boy, make him an efficient worker.

This one line contains the whole matter. Henceforth we may entirely dismiss the clever from our calculations. Let the sole figure in the field of sight be the stupid boy. This will simplify the question very much.

Any fool with knowledge can pour it into a clever boy; but it needs the skilled workman to be able to teach.

Leave the strong for the present to take care of themselves. Let the sole figure in the field of sight be the stupid boy.

Innumerable illusions vanish at once, and leave the course clear.

The knowledge-fungus drops off at once; for stupid boys can never be learned as a body.

The idolatry of force drops off at once; for stupid boys can never do the strongest brain work.

The prize idolatry drops off at once ; for the great majority cannot be prize-winners.

The true work is seen ; and skill is enthroned as the true king, in the proper place, as making the many capable ; and the noble life of weakness, that becomes strong by being good, is given a fair chance.

So, at last, the Teacher is left face to face with the world as it is, and not as philosophy and idolatry make it to be. The man who does not teach the stupid boy is no teacher, just as the man who cannot find his way in lanes and bypaths is no guide.

In fact, given fair play, "stupid boys" come to mean "bad teachers ;" for intelligent teaching can make all get along with reasonable speed and certainty.

What, then, is teaching, if nothing is teaching which does not reach and raise the stupid boy ?

There are, roughly speaking, three ways of working, two of which are truck work, with its loading up, and putting in ; and one is production, with its mental chemistry, and bringing out.

These three may be called Rule-printing, Lecturing and Teaching.

Rule-printing and Lecturing might be done by automatons to automatons of a higher order.

Teaching is living intelligence, dealing with life.

The Rule-printer puts a boy into his printing press, sets the steam rollers going, and prints a rule on the mental page, if it is not already well filled up with cricket, and other chromo-lithographs.

The Lecturer pours a stream of knowledge on something which is supposed to receive the stream.

The Teacher applies himself mind to mind.

The two first have as their subject lessons and books. The last has as his subject the life he deals with.

The Rule-printer says: "The verb must agree with its nominative case in number and person." And ever after repeats: "What's the rule?" varying the repetition by different dispensations of punishment, when the unintelligible has been undone by the unintelligent. In a happier world than ours an automaton cane would do the work as well.

The Lecturer says the rule as before, but then goes on: "You see that the third person plural ends in '*ant*,' '*amant*;' and words ending in '*ant*,' and the like, which speak of many, cannot take a singular noun which ends in '*us*,' as '*dominus*,' which speaks of one only." And then he leaves it; like a benevolent old verger, who seizes you, and makes you stand in a certain place to look at the great Cathedral, the glorious poem in stone, and inspires you with fear lest he should seize your eye too, and twist it round, as he drones out his tale, till at last you escape, rubbing your eyes, and blessing your stars that they are still in the right place, though he may have told you interesting things.

Thirdly, comes Teaching.

Teaching gets it all out of the learner, with much fun and sparring in doing it.

Teaching begins :—

Do you ever think?

Pupil (modestly or otherwise). I believe so.

T. Do you ever think your thoughts worth telling?

P. Sometimes.

T. What do you do?

P. Why, tell them.

T. Oh, you do. How, pray?

P. I talk.

T. Indeed. What is talking?

P. Why, talking, to be sure—talking's talking.

T. No doubt. But how do you do it?

P. Oh, I open my mouth and talk.

T. Good. You open your mouth and talk. A dog opens his mouth and barks. Is that it?

P. No; of course not. I talk sense.

T. Glad to hear it. But how do you talk sense, if opening your mouth and barking won't do?

P. I tell what I think about.

T. Do you? Think about something.

P. I have.

T. Name it.

P. I thought about a horse.

T. Well. But I know nothing of your thought. You have named a horse, but I am no wiser.

P. I must tell you something about a horse.

T. Do so.

P. A horse runs.

T. Well. Now I know. What two things have

you had to do in order to talk sense instead of barking?

P. I named what I thought about first, and then I told you something about it.

T. True. Suppose we call every name a noun, and every word which tells us what the noun does a verb, what is the word "horse"?

P. A noun.

T. And the word "runs"?

P. A verb.

T. I think you said the noun named what you were going to speak about?

P. Yes.

T. Suppose we call it, when it does, the nominative, or "naming" case. What had the verb "runs" to do?

P. It spoke of it.

T. Then to make sense the verb must speak of its nominative case?

P. Of course it must.

T. And if it does not, or cannot do so, it is barking?

P. Yes. Nothing better than barking.

T. Why so? Show me that the noun can name things in different ways, and the verb tell of different numbers, and persons, &c.

It is not necessary to go on with this series now. Let us suppose it done, with all the little sly hints that can be given in doing it, to a pupil's amusement and bewilderment at his own answers, then

when we have finished this first series, turn, and ask abruptly, "Do you know what you have done in grammar-making?"

P. Grammar-making? No.

T. You have made for yourself the first rule in grammar, "That the verb must agree with its nominative case in number and person," and you know the reason why. You have also discovered the meaning of the words, noun, verb, and nominative case. I congratulate you, O grammarian!

Yes, gentlemen; and we also, in doing this, have discovered the first law of teaching, the first article of the teacher's creed: "*Work from the inside outwards.*"

All grammar, from beginning to end, can be easily questioned in this way out of everybody who speaks a language. Every subject can be treated in this way the moment any material is gathered. Much time is saved in the end; whole lives wasted and maimed can be saved. The unintelligent dealing with the unintelligible does not answer. Technical terms and rule-printing are very often mental paralysis. Nay, the glorified parrot, however full of other people's thoughts and discoveries, however much glorified, is a poor creature. The world has yet to get rid of glorified parrots. Once begin to teach, and you can prove all this for yourselves. They are not *ipse dixits*, but very common working-day facts.

We have now arrived at the first article of the

teacher's creed: "*Work from the inside outwards.*"
The subject of the teacher is the child.

Now let us turn from the teacher to the pupil.

We are all agreed that no one can teach a brick wall. But why not? Only because of the absence of mind. But if the mind is absent, and the causes of the absence of mind are permanent, it matters not whether the teacher has a brick wall before him or a boy. In other words, the boy's mind must be present. No one can teach a brick wall, or a boy who has been made brick wall.

We must begin with the homes.

It would be a curious branch of research in these days to discover how many homes have any books at all. Newspapers there are. The children read the police reports. Periodicals there are. The children read the novels, and an occasional yellow-back. But books!

Again. The whole air is charged with change and educational infallibility. This acts in two ways. One section is omniscient over progress, and science, and new methods. Another section considers itself utilitarian. How many homes abuse that or this bit of education as useless, and glorify the judges of pigs, or the smellers and handlers of cotton, or the tormentors of witnesses, all the more if they don't know Greek and Latin. Between the two the children fare badly. Both equally unsettle the boy-mind; the first perhaps most. Then, to come to the boys. How many of them have the remotest

idea why the work is given them to do, or how it bears on their lives? How many of them, again, believe that it is possible for themselves to do it? They see it taken as a matter of course that many cannot do it.

Then once more. How many boys have the slightest real instruction given them, how to do it; when they break down at first?

Observe—and this is very important—everyone of these difficulties is of the brick wall type.

They are difficulties before the work can begin. Not difficulties of the work itself, but difficulties *before* the work can begin. This introduces us to the all-important subject of *pre-working law*, which is simply paramount. You *cannot* teach the brick wall.

Teachers must have somebody to teach. They *cannot* teach the brick wall. Pre-working law must have its due. In other words, it is as much a teacher's business to study his material, and make it fit for his work, as it is his business to work it up afterwards, and in these days this is pre-eminently true. There ought to be a machine to shout: "Pre-working law sold cheap," and the buying it made compulsory.

Practically, gigantic as its scope is, and wide its range, pre-working law resolves itself into three main statements.

The boys must know that the work is part and parcel of daily life.

The boys must know the value of their work, and how to deal with it.

The boys must know that everyone can get it; that it is no lottery, but an absolute certainty to honest efforts.

As for the homes, their views of education are what the schools have made them. The less said about that the better.

If the pupil does not know why he has to work, or what it has to do with his life, he will not work.

All is blind, and broken bits, and a painful puzzle.

The bandage must be taken off his eyes, or he cannot and will not work.

But if he will not work, there is nobody to teach. And, if there is nobody to teach, there can be no teacher. A simple proposition; but one which goes to the root of the matter.

Pre-working law is a large subject, and can be dealt with in a thousand ways. A few hints on how to deal with it, will not be out of place here.

Every boy has a body, a mind, and life. The common facts concerning them ought to be questioned out of the pupil.

Pre-working law means the process by which the intending worker is got into condition to make him fit for work.

Let the work proposed be a race. Then pre-working law prescribes that the runner shall be most carefully trained, in food, sleep, and exercise, *before*

he comes to the starting post. It prescribes also, as severe exertion is demanded of him, that he shall heartily care for the race he has to run, before he comes to the starting post. But blindfold, or fat, or not caring, he will not race.

Now to begin with the body. Every boy has a body, and, whilst keenly alive to its value at dinner, or cricket, does not associate it with Latin verse or Thucydides. He calls it his own body; but if he means that it stops with him, it is not true. It is flying away every moment; the daily food shows the daily waste. It is calculated that the space of one year changes every particle in the body. If, again, he means that his body is of special stuff, a thing by itself, that is still more clearly not true. Every day we take in corn, vegetable, fruit, beef, and mutton; water, beer, wine; but no one pretends to say that because of this we become sheep, or oxen, or cabbage, or grapes. But why not? We go to India and do not turn into mangoes, to Africa and do not become mealies; we might go to Mercury, or to any other planet on which we could live, and should still be the same Englishmen we were and ever have been. But why so? Simply because something which we call our life every moment, wherever we are, builds up whatever material it gets into the same body; because it is the same builder, the same life. The life builds the body. A bad life builds an ugly, unhealthy body; a good life builds a good and healthy body, and in a short time

prints the character on the body, as much as if a label was put round a man's neck, to ticket him as a scamp or an able man. It does concern a boy very much whether he is labelling himself glutton, or liar, or fool, day by day. It does concern him whether he is strengthening nerve and sinew, body and mind, as he builds; or watering himself down into an incapable or diseased article. A boy can understand this. Question it out. Turn sharply round, fasten on an inattentive victim, ask him how he would like to be labelled for his last hour's idleness, or for the way in which he spent his last shilling, or for his last act, or thought, of evil. Do you want to live in a ramshackle, tumbledown building by and by? If so, go on idling, fooling, and disregarding warning. No printing-press so sure as the master builder and printer, Life, who turns out a new edition of your body every year, with all its improvements or its evils. You print yourself off daily. That is the meaning of being taught. What label have you got in your printing-press this week? In this way common sense is called in, life is shown to be one piece, and the boy made see that his lessons are as much himself as his dinner. Every boy knows that if he goes into school ten minutes after a hearty dinner, he could not do his work though his life depended on it. And every boy may know that a permanent state of fatwittedness, from laziness, sleep, and heavy feeding, is equally fatal. Does he want to be labelled fool? He ought to

abuse his fierce stomach, instead of unjustly bewailing his poor brains. He is simply blunting all his tools *before he begins to work*. How can he do fine work with blunted tools? Question this out. It can change in an hour all life.

Again, boys like games. For games represent the right action of bodily life, and all right action is pleasure. But the very games they play are full of pain, possible disagreeables, blows, defeat, disappointment, mortified pride, trials of temper, trials of courage, trials of honesty. What is it that makes games so fascinating? Question it out of them. It is a most amusing bit of fencing, repartee, and unexpected surprises, to put a class through such a discussion on cricket or football. They wake up to a new world. They learn that it is delight in the exercise of activity, skill, and strength that makes their games so fascinating in spite of much trial. But is bodily skill a greater delight than mental skill? Is the body higher than the mind? What boy would give up his power of reading and writing? What boy would not give up every other thing first? Yet these were lessons, hated lessons. Let us bring forward our old friend, the pig-boy. The pig-boy, if he is but a pig-boy, in the midst of the most beautiful landscape in the world, enjoys it in proportion to his idea, how many pigs it would keep. The most callous schoolboy would scorn that, and enjoy it in proportion to his educated eye for beauty. The master, if worth his salt, is far more above the

schoolboy than the schoolboy is above the pig-boy. Let us put the pleasure of the pig-boy at 10, the pleasure of the schoolboy at 100, and the pleasure of the master at 1,000. Extend that principle, and apply it all round, and you have the difference in the degrees of happiness which work and education give to a right mind. Any schoolboy can see that. Question it out of them. One hour of such pre-working law may be a life changed. *Education is pleasure.*

Again, let us take the question of value.

Value ultimately depends on the quality and quantity of the life put into anything, or, in more precise words, on the strength of body or mind employed, on the skill or time needed, and on the risk of failure after all.

For example: Land as land is perfectly valueless. You can get any amount for nothing in Canada and elsewhere. It has to be worked. But work is life-acting. The work makes it valuable. Moreover, if, when the crop is ripe, the workman is robbed by bad men, who cut his throat, or bad laws, which give his gains to others, he won't work.

Law and order, and security and justice, are higher forms of work in which people unite to protect one another in right work.

First, then, in the scale of value comes bodily work; that is, in the first instance, the amount of life, the amount of skill, required in learning how to work, and afterwards in working, and the amount

of risk run, that after all the worker may not be able to acquire the strength and skill necessary; all these determine the value of the first stratum of work, which is summed up in Scripture by the word "bread." "Man shall not live by bread alone." Above this comes every kind of work that makes the higher life of man higher and better: law, justice, literature, religion, worship, and everything that grows out of them. And each of these rises in the scale of human value according to the time required in learning, the strength of head or heart required to do it, and the risk whether the worker after all his toil will be able to do the higher kind of work with success. In this manner all work, secular or sacred, rises in value step by step through every bodily and mental gradation, according to the amount and quality of the life expended in doing it. And high education, literary training, Latin and Greek, music and painting, &c., mean the opportunity given to the pupil to do the most valuable work. This privilege is bought at a price; that price is the work, in other words the life, of those who maintain the schoolboy at school. And the schoolboy who idles whilst living on the life-earnings of others is a thief, thieving their lives, and wasting his own. Doing nothing on other people's work is simply robbing those who support you.

Question this out. Any school-boy can be made to see the value of the work he has to do.

So much of pre-working law, an endless subject.

When we have done this kind of thing we have got somebody to teach, and not before. All daily life, all pleasure, all value, in a word, all the great problems of life, open up from these beginnings, and are involved in school-work; a very different thing from class-room dust and scrapings. The boy world is, as a class confessed the other day, turned topsy-turvy, right end up at last, by an hour's work or so, and the meanness, which thinks it manly to drop down pig-boy way, is gone.

And we have now also made our second law of teaching; the second article of the Teacher's creed: "*Never work blindfold*"; or, in the language of our forefathers: "*Never fly hooded hawks.*"

Again, we want to make the commonest common life glow with unexpected fire, and everything become a part of the growth of mind, of pleasure, value, in a word, of education. To do this, the commonest thing is the best: words for instance. Give out as a lesson, "Names that are true, and the truths that make the names." Then imagine such a scene as the following:—A dozen little boys from nine to thirteen years of age sitting round a table expectant and nervous, as a new authority has come to examine them.

New authority begins:

What have you got sticking up between your shoulders?

P. My head.

N. A. Quite sure it isn't a turnip?

P. Oh, yes! quite.

N. A. Why? What is the difference between a head and a turnip?

P. Oh, a head thinks and a turnip doesn't.

N. A. Glad to hear it. We'll see. I'm not so sure. Where are your books?

P. On the table.

N. A. What's a table?

P. Wood, to be sure.

N. A. Oh, wood. Look out of the window at those beautiful tables growing on the lawn. You turnip!

P. Oh, no! A table is wood sawn out flat.

N. A. So's the floor. Take your feet off your table.

P. No, a table is wood sawn out flat, put on legs.

N. A. Indeed! Have you ever slept on a wooden bedstead? A table is a sleeping place, eh? Well, I am inclined to agree—at lesson time.

P. Dear no. A table is a flat surface on legs, not like a bedstead.

N. A. Get off the table directly; do you sit on the table in my presence?

P. I am sitting on a form; a table isn't a form; it is higher than a form, and broader, to put things on.

N. A. Very well. You will serve up dinner on that book-case then?

And so on, till the pupil is made, after much fun

and searching of spirit, to define a table, first, as a flat, smooth surface, raised so that people may sit at it, and place any articles they wish to use for meals or ordinary work upon it; and secondly, that a table is ultimately the thought of a skilled workman, as to the best way of doing this, put into shape, in wood or other material.

But the surprises, quaint overthrows, and contrasts between heads and turnips, that can be got out of this kind of wrestling with a word are infinite.

Having begun with a tangible and visible common object, go on with a common abstract term.

Ask, what is health?

A first-rate primary answer was given by a boy of twelve who had just gone through a course of "table." Health, he said, is the perfect power of body and mind for use.

T. Put out your arm. Why can you do it?

P. Oh, my arm is strong enough for that, and a great deal more too.

T. Indeed. Is your arm your arm after starving three days?

P. Well, yes.

T. You would put it out, and do a great deal more than that with it? Eh?

P. Dear no. I should be starved.

T. Your arm then has something to do with food?

P. Certainly.

T. And food with your stomach?

P. Yes.

T. We get then to the old story of the belly and the members. Your stomach is the first thing in health. Eh?

P. Certainly.

T. Did you think of that when you spent that last sixpence in tarts?

P. Well, no.

Then go on, show that health means everything that food, sleep, exercise, self-control, proper endurance, self-denial, heat, cold, call on a man to do or to bear in a right way; and that work is stopped, and life soon put an end to, or shortened, by any want of attention to these. Flash light into the meaning of health. Show it in daily action. Show it working always and everywhere. Hunt it into corners and hiding-places. Dislodge it from lazing by the fire, or stuffing in the grub shop. Pull it out of bed in the morning. Send it running down the road with the east wind. Kick it on the shins at football. Hit it on the knuckles at cricket. Pursue it into the class-room. Catch it making its false concords, or telling you that Regulus was an effete of Carthage; till your boy has some tangible idea of what health in body and mind means; and how the meaning sticks to him in and out of school equally and always.

Then go on with "work." What does work mean?

Hunt that down, flashing light on it. Show

what a much bigger word it is than health. How, so to say, it begins where health ends. How it holds all health and its meaning within it first, as a Chinese box with fifty more inside it ; then, how it adds to the meaning of health, skill, practice, accuracy, teaching ; hand, eye, and mind, obedient to orders, knowing what to do and doing it, and a thousand things more. When you have questioned this out of your class, you will also have made the third Law of Teaching for yourself.

“Light up the magic lantern of common words and things.”

Flash light out of them and through them.

You may say, This takes too much time. If it is the shortest way of making mind work, it cannot take too much time. I grant no one living is allowed at present to teach as his main work. But a little teaching can be done. An hour will pull a great deal of this out of little boys ; and they go away with new powers, questioning everyone they dare about tables, &c., full of fun and interest. But an hour a week bestowed in this way might work wonders ; and is not much to steal from Pharaoh and his tale of bricks.

Next : as we have been questioning, let us see what an answer means.

Every answer in the world, which consciously or unconsciously is given by an intelligent mind, obeys the same laws, and goes through the same process. The manner in which to set about giving

an answer is a matter of rule, a purely mechanic act, as much mechanical as measuring out the ground for a building is mechanical.

Before beginning, let us affirm, that a true answer is never a mere act of memory; and secondly, that the untaught, young and old, learned and unlearned, invariably try to make it one. The true answer is no act of memory. Let us then for the present throw memory on one side.

The true answer first fastens on an example. Then collects facts about the example; and their relative position as regards the question. Then compares them, draws a conclusion, and answers. All this is very often done with lightning rapidity, quite unconsciously, but it is done.

The ordinary heads under which this mechanical skill in answering on a word, a sentence, or a narrative, is ranged, are the following:

1. See the thing dealt with.
2. Marshal all facts which belong to it by itself, with their meaning.
3. Take the people dealt with.
4. Do the same with them.
5. The facts of the narrative.
6. Their relative position and value.
7. Draw conclusions, and answer.

Suppose, for instance, a question is asked about fishing, it is clear that no one can answer it who has never heard of, or seen, rivers, sea, rods, nets, &c. But, if this is obviously true of visible

material objects, it is still more true of the objects which the mind has to frame for itself.

If the mind cannot frame those objects, and has not got them present, it cannot answer. The knowledge, then, of any mechanical process by which to produce this presence is invaluable. A Teacher's business is to show how this can be done, and habitually ensure that the pupils do go through this mechanical process of getting the objects before their minds, comparing them, and drawing conclusions.

For example let us take the abstract noun "structure."

What is structure, and its value?

Let the class turn it at once into a lesson on the class-room in which the class is held, and its structure. Make them note carefully:

1. The walls, their thickness, height, architecture.

2. The floor, the ceiling, any peculiarities, and why?

3. The surface of the walls, bare or decorated, painted or whitewashed, panelled or left untouched.

4. The engravings, pictures, maps, models, or bareness of the walls.

5. The benches, chairs, desks, apparatus, especially if of different date and character.

6. Then the class itself, its number, its arrangement, its position in life, its apparatus, its books.

When all this has been thought over to the best of the ability of the pupil, or questioned out of him, he will be in a condition to deduce from what he sees and knows, the kind of life which has embodied itself in that structure; the idea the builders had, good or bad, of the work to be done in it; what kind of work is, or can be, done in it; the impossibility of doing the work without the structure; the effect that the structure has on the work for good or evil; the ideas about the work in that kingdom; its progress from earlier times; what it owes to past skill; whether it is adding to present skill, or falling short of its requirements. In fact, many a class-room is an epitome of educational ideas. Hence the pupil is naturally led on to the great truths we have already touched on, that all life needs structure; that all life by degrees makes its own structure or body; that a base life makes a base body, and a noble life a noble body; and that the goodness or badness of the body declares infallibly in time the goodness or badness of the life that produced it. A good structure is produced by good life, and tends to produce good life; a bad structure decides absolutely, if sufficient time has elapsed, that the life is bad, and it tends to perpetuate bad life. This kind of thing can be brought out by a lesson on structure translated into class-room, and is an example of the law of answers. At all events an hour's questioning on the class-room can produce really good essays from

one of the lowest classes in a school ; and open their eyes as to the mechanic rules to be observed in answering a question.

Again, to take another instance of working with tools, by method, and setting about things in the right way, which is of universal application, I refer to making the known lead up to the less known in an intelligent way. An example will make this clearer. I will bring forward the much maligned subject of Latin verse, the most useful literary tool that ever was invented, but nothing more than a tool. It is not too much to say that a little intelligent leading up from the known to the less known will work a miracle here. I need not dilate on the hopeless refusal to do anything, which speedily becomes incapacity, that is bred by home omniscience, boy restiveness, and school mismanagement, in this matter. Everyone knows the difficulty of screwing a single line out of the poor, misguided Solomon, who whines out that he is not a poet, when his master only wants him not to be a fool. Let Solomon take his seat, and the line from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," "And now the storm-blast came," be dictated to him, after the passage and its context has been read and made familiar. This line is to be translated into a Latin Hexameter. "Et jam flatus procellæ venit," is not a promising start for a verse. The class was first ordered to picture to themselves the ship as it sailed merrily along, the glad bright sunny waves

of the Southern Sea, the life on board, the crew, the sails set, the tackle, the air, the light; and then the clouds gather fierce and heavy, then in the distance the black shadows move, they whiten, they rush on, telling of waves smitten, and crested waters gleaming and hurrying, till at last up it comes with a roar and a shock, and is on the ship in a moment with its crew. All this was questioned out in a few minutes, and they were ready to begin.

Then they were asked to give different English versions for "And now."

As soon as any boy gave one they were told to write them down in column.

Seventeen variations were produced in about ten minutes, each giving the sense sufficiently well.

Then the word "storm" was treated in the same way.

Then the word "blast."

Then the words "blast of storm."

Then the words "blast with storm."

Then the words "wind with violence."

Then the words "anger of storm," etc.

Then the words "storm raging with wind."

Then the words "storm raging with anger."

Then the words "storm raging with violence."

Then the words "storm raging with blast."

Then the words "storm raging with fury."

Then the words "storm raging with turmoil."

Then the words "storm raging with roaring," etc.

Then the words "storm rouses wind."

Then the words "storm excites anger, etc."

Then all these were ordered to be changed about, and the same sense produced by altering the arrangement, both grammatical and verbal. Then we took the word "came" in the same manner, showed its real meaning, how little the idea of coming, or arrival, had to do with it, but violent change, the wind force, and its power over the ship.

The word "came" accordingly was varied again and again.

When all this was written down, the Latin words called up and suggested by the English variations were asked for, and ordered to be written down opposite the corresponding English. All this took about an hour, and 12 o'clock in the day was reached. They were now ready to begin. Observe, the whole of this was a quasi-mechanical process of working with given tools. No books were allowed.

It is not too much to say that no boy in that class, left to himself, as he was when he came into the class-room at 11 a.m., could have produced more than eight or so indifferent versions of that line of Coleridge by night. A prize was offered for the greatest number of hexameter versions of that line to be shown up that night.

Several copies shown up that night ranged from 90 to 100 verses, and good verses too.

That was a miracle worked by natural means.

But let us analyse what was done.

First, pictorial thought was called into play.

Next, sense was studied.

Next, the English language was exercised, and interest in the English language roused.

Next, instead of a dreary hunt for Latin words, there was a great sifting of thought, and thought-expression.

Next, the versatility of thought-expression was shown.

Next, the methods of changing thought-expression were shown.

Next, nimble movement of mind was practised.

Next, judgment in choice and rejection was practised.

Next, harmonious arrangement, taste, and the sense of the melodious sound, were practised.

Next, word-power, and the delicate adjustment of words were practised.

Next, an enormously extended vocabulary in both languages was summoned, and—came.

Next, the two languages were blended together, and brought into union.

Finally, all this was a working of thought, and not of stick-in-the-mud memory; a simple process of stirring up the known, and making it lead up to the less known.

If this is not mental teaching I do not know what is. And the process is of universal application.

And thus we are brought to the fourth law of teaching: "*Work with tools, and know how to use them.*"

This last exercise has naturally led us up to the crown and summit of all teaching, the formation of mental pictures, and pictorial habits of mind. No true work has been done till this is done. Do this, and you have educated; for it is a germ of life that, once planted, never ceases to live.

What is the mind peopled with?

An argument *ab homine* shall answer the question.

Until I saw Richard Cœur de Lion's mark at Rouen, when I was just twenty years old, all history was to me shadowy ghostland. I never put the living reality of daily life into any bit of history whatever. The personages of history were examples, or warnings: I believed in them, but they did not live. They were not flesh and blood.

There were four gradations in my mind.

Fairy tales, where all was imaginary and delightful.

Novels, which were more delightful still, but still unreal.

History, which was less delightful, and was supposed to be real.

Daily life, and its persons, which was real.

Until I saw Richard's mark appended to a document, much as his courage and wars impressed me, he had no living reality and personal existence for me. I suspect that vast numbers of people are in

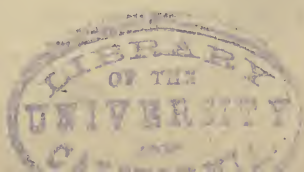
the same predicament, and never bring home to themselves a single incident which does not happen before their eyes ; in other words, they live in the present, and—in ghostland ; as their minds are peopled with shadows, phantoms, ghosts. Let no one despise this assertion, who has not brought home to himself the difference between knowing a thing and actually presenting that knowledge in a flesh-and-blood form to his mind. It is certain that all mere memory work is a creating of mental ghosts, and that all mere memory work turns the mind into ghostland, and peoples it with a population, which has shape, but neither substance nor life. Exorcise the ghosts. No pupil, if teachers were allowed to teach, ought ever to be permitted to do a lesson without having a vivid picture in his mind of the persons and facts he is dealing with. As regards the actions, the homelier the picture, the better. A boy, for instance, did not in the least understand the passage from Cæsar he had just put into words, which said : “That Cæsar did not wish to leave an enemy behind his back when he was going to invade Britain.” But he understood perfectly well the following dialogue, and—his Cæsar :

T. General Smith, do you see the road through the door outside, beyond the corner ?

P. Yes.

T. Can you imagine rushing out to attack Brown in the road ?

P. Oh ! yes.



T. But suppose just round that corner there were two small boys waiting to pitch into you the moment you engage Brown?

P. I should lick them first.

Just what Cæsar did. He did not leave an enemy at his back to pitch into him as soon as he turned to face the Briton, his Brown.

It need scarcely be observed that the construer knew what Cæsar was about after that little picture of the proceedings. Yet, this is but a far-off glimpse of what is meant. When Cæsar is being read, General Smith ma., the boy set on to construe, ought be leading the troops through the enemy's country with Cæsar, and speculate on the boys round the corner as native armies. Drawing has never been pressed into service as it ought to be. Every boy in the two upper classes at Uppingham has now to learn some drawing, and will be required henceforward to illustrate the school work from time to time by drawings and plans. But photographs of important places are sadly wanted. Buildings can be got ; but good photographs of the great scenes of historical fame, or of landscapes and rivers celebrated in prose or poetry, cannot be got. When will the Universities rise up and demand them? The difference between knowledge of a fact, and a mental picture of a fact, is stupendous ; and, unfortunately, it is very difficult to bring this home. Obviously the best plan is to require actual drawings from time to time, if possible. But, unfortunately, it is not

possible. Also, there would arise a great danger lest the vividness of the fact should be lost in the excellence of the drawing, and a foolish picture of Roman troops be preferred to the little boys round the corner. The pictorial mind is wanted first, not skill of hand.

The next best way I believe to be, to set a boy before a picture or a scene; tell him to look at it, to fix it in his mind; and then to turn him round, make him shut his eyes, and describe what he sees in his mind. If boys can be got to do this in their walks, and to make matches with one another, either in or out of doors, as to who sees most with his eyes shut, the thing is done. But in some way or other, for first-rate teaching, and being taught, the thing has to be done. Once more, remember that in drawing the mental picture, not the excellence of the drawing, but the picture which embodies with spirit the true sense of the passage, is the object sought. For instance, few boys could put Cæsar's army into the field with any accuracy, and marshal the Menapii and Morini against him; the life of the narrative, however, is thoroughly rendered by the two boys round the corner waiting to take General Smith *ma. a tergo*, as he advances through the door into the road to attack the redoubtable Brown. Moreover, General Smith *ma.* is learning to construe and understand a Latin narrative, and is not a student of military tactics, or antique armour, in the first instance.

In this way substance and life can be given to all the work, and we arrive at the last, and most important, law of all teaching :

“ Think in shape, get out of Ghostland.”

The natural conclusion of the subject is now in sight. The Teacher is brought by his voyage of discovery to the fountain of youth. For there is a fountain of youth, in teaching at all events. If school-work means the spending year after year in making up little packets of knowledge, seizing boys and packing them tight, like portmanteaus, jumping on the lid when things won't fit in at last, nothing more need be said. There is no immortality in a grocer's paper bag, or a knowledge-packer's. But if a Teacher's life means teaching pupils to use mind, to paint mental pictures, and to create new creations of mind ; if a Teacher has the whole world as his field for illustrations, and is for ever lighting on fresh illustrations, grave or gay, and making every flint flash new sparks of truth, every stone speak, every brook have a tongue for him, just as the moment requires ; then there is immortality for a Teacher, there is a fountain of youth for teaching. If he lived a thousand years, he would every day be finding more illustrations, and be growing more full of life, more plastic, more fresh, more nimble, ever finding greater pleasure himself in daily new discoveries of brighter, clearer ways of working, ever becoming more hopeful of turning the stickiest clay into china.

There is a fountain of youth in teaching which no clay can dam up, no resistance stop flowing, no monotony of dulness stagnate.

The Teacher does discover some who will be taught.

The Teacher revels even without them, in the delight of finding all creation teeming with life and teaching. The Teacher can illuminate the dullest cloud, and light it up with inward fire, for a time at all events, for all time, if the prevailing atmosphere allows. His work of endless discovery, of waking up, inspiring, interesting, winging minds, keeps him always at the top of his powers, to supply the spirit needed. His own life daily flashes into new existences. He learns far more than he teaches; he gains far more than he gives. Nothing seems impossible as he works. No child ever found the unsightly basket and the common straw break loose into more unlikely surprises of delightful realities, of Christmas presents; no diamond digger, toiling amidst rock, and mud, and clay, is fired with greater hopes, or more certain of his gains. Every stroke may bring out a diamond.

There is a fountain of youth in teaching, inexhaustible, eternal.

I have nothing more to say to-day. It is only left me to utter the fervent prayer that the Teachers of England may win free access to the fountain of youth; may slay the dragon that guards it, and drink freely and without stint, where I must be

satisfied with a few stray drops, and a far-off hearing of the ripple of its flow, rooted, like a sign-post, to the ground, only able to point out the way I may not tread, too glad if others may get a chance of doing that which, afar off, it has sometimes been permitted me to see. But I have seen, come what may, I have seen teaching afar off, and caught some stray drops in happier hours of the Teacher's fountain of youth.'

AN ADDRESS TO THE TEACHERS' GUILD,
MAY 16, 1887.

AN ADDRESS TO THE TEACHERS' GUILD.

EARTH is a battle-field. The clash of armies meeting is a mere transient symptom of the ceaseless ebb and flow of conflict, that goes on, all unperceived, in every city, village, home, nay, in every human heart. Education, and the training of life, cannot escape the universal lot. The globe on which we live is a parable. Ful of unseen tides of seas of fire, with an occasional volcano betraying their existence, men mark the volcano, and disregard the fiery sea. But if the sea itself is within the reach and control of man, then it would be madness not to study its nature. Now the ceaseless conflict of principle in Education, and the causes which create the conflict, are within the reach of man's research and control. They demand our attention.

The fact is that mankind are divided into two camps. Everyone belongs to the one or the other, however high or refined, or however low or brutal, he may be.

There are the lordly spirits, who look on the world

as subject to their power, and proceed to handle heaven and earth, man, animal, and matter, according to their own good pleasure. They have got hold of the scissors of creation, and with wonderful sagacity and pains set to work to cut infinity into little squares, which they can understand, and master, and move at will. Out of these they compose a universe of their own. It is very ingenious, and they make all fit in, and come within the compass of their knowledge, and form a lovely tessellated pattern, smooth and hard, a polished perfection of surface, which is presented to all who advance to meet them on their own chosen side of argument. This is one camp, the camp of intellect and knowledge.

Then there are the Shakespears, and all those pupils of light, who approach infinity with its infinite hints of infinity of unknown and unknowable glory, in a spirit of worship, with eyes open, and loving, and humble. Men, whose first glance at creation has merged more or less their own personality in a glad bewilderment of joy at all they see; and who pass on, lost to themselves and their own bounded powers, satisfied with an overflow of never-ceasing delight as they see; all their being bathed in light; feelings, and intellect, and heart, and tongue, all alike filled and quickened by an inpouring on souls ready to receive. Happy spirits, whose supreme ideal would be to live like a dew-drop, however small, yet capable of taking in a

perfect image and reflection of the sun himself, swallowed up in a universe of light, and yet containing it; light all round; light on this side, light on that, light within, light without, yet with no power in itself to grasp, for who can grasp light? Only willing and able to receive.

This is the other camp; the camp of the seeing heart, and the seeing eye, and the love of greatness bowing down before life which is greater than itself.

It is obvious, that the scissors with the squares, and the dewdrop and the sun, are diametrically opposed to one another in essence.

It is obvious, that knowledge-worship and the lust of the head, are deadly enemies to the loving eye and the humble spirit.

It is obvious, that the manufactured universe is a different conception from the universe of infinity that is.

It is obvious, that a hard hand stretched out to seize facts, and the winning a way by humility and love into the heart of things, are as far apart as whipping a slave, and wooing a bride. They belong to different worlds.

Every living being, consciously or unconsciously, is in one of these two classes, ranged under one or other of these banners, is in one camp or the other.

The pothouse oracle can be as omniscient as the most worshipped philosopher, and with equal justice. Each wields the scissors of creation in his own world.

The village labourer with the reverent heart can be as wise as the wisest thinker, and with equal justice. They are both full of light. Neither wants more. Neither sets up for more than he is ; as the sailor's kettle did, which when filled claimed the sovereignty of the sea ; as many a kettle has done since, and black kettles too.

Until this vast chasm and split is recognised as the one fact in dealing with life, no beginning in education, which is the training of life, has been made consciously on any true principle. This seriously affects our subject to-night of Thinking in shape, and Pictorial Teaching.

For knowledge-hunting is one thing, and the seeing eye and active mind another.

I fearlessly assert, what it is not my business to-night to prove, but I can prove it, that intellect-worship and the banner of knowledge set up in a kingdom mean death to true progress, death to the welfare of the vast majority, if unchecked.

Few stop to consider what knowledge is. It is only second-hand information. The sum of the facts collected, noted, and laid up, by the labour and research of those who have gone before us.

It is very valuable ; so is gold ; but the old story of the man found dead in the desert by the side of his heap of gold is not out of date, and never will be. Or, if you like it better, the more recent example of the returning colonist, who was drowned

when the *Royal Charter* was wrecked, by the gold in the belt round his body.

Supposing the knowledge all got, it may drown you.

But as a fact it is not got. To the majority it is administered like physic to a dog, half shoved down his throat, and then his mouth held, if you can do it for his biting, till he has gulped it down, some at all events, from sheer inability to get rid of it.

Many cannot be said to take it at all. And no one will dispute that second-hand information, not taken, is worthless.

But is it less worthless if not understood? Is it less worthless in the modern version of the Fools of our ancestors, clothed in modern motley, a dab of language here, a dab of mathematics there, a bit of this, and a shred of that, all stitched together without a pattern or order, particoloured and patchy manuals and date-cards, and a pitiable want of any texture of sufficiently thick fibre to let the victim "sit in the belfry and warm his five wits," like the owl. If indeed he has any wits left to warm, and they have not all departed under this patchwork process, and left nothing behind but a firm persuasion that he cannot learn : which is only too true.

Throw aside the few who are strong enough to shift for themselves. And I appeal to every school-master in England from the Board School in its lowest phase to the Public School in its highest, as to what in their hearts they believe about the rank

and file of their pupils, whether they are willing and capable acquirers of knowledge or not. Above all, whether the results attained by the majority bear any proportion to the time spent. I have talked with many, I have read much, and never yet in talking, and never in writings, outside the magic circle of officials and amateurs, have I found any difference of opinion as to the boys and their work as a whole. I myself after thirty-three years' experience, and a good bit of the thirty-fourth, emphatically state that I have only lately begun to really become aware of the utter ignorance of the English boy in English common words, common stories, common knowledge of all kinds, and the utter indifference to being ignorant, and the still more surprising apathy towards attempts to excite thought, which prevail, and, unless I am much mistaken, are gaining ground in this generation, and becoming worse and worse every day.

My appeal is to Philip in private, not to Philip in print. I affirm that Philip in private is in despair over the mass of boys, and the way he has to deal with them.

The work done (the boys, that is) is condemned. But it is the boys we want to see full of power and training.

What is the remedy for this condemnation? The remedy is, "think in shape." *If you are allowed to do it.* This is the practical answer. For every-

thing follows if this is done. This alone rouses mind. Mind must be roused. But mind is without exception the most perverse thing in creation. Mind will do anything but think. Mind will crawl through any number of manuals, and grovel over as many date cards as you like; ay, and bear any punishment rather than think. Mind will wriggle out of thinking by every conceivable twist and twiddle. Mind is the prince of shirks.

Yet mind is very active when it likes. Is it not possible that this ingrained reluctance to think does not rest with mind, but has something to do with the way in which mind is treated? If you load a racer like a cart-horse, and expect him to race, I suspect he would lay back his ears and kick not a little. So does mind, the racer. In the great market of the world the cart-horses rule, and test everyone by the number of sacks he can carry for sale. Nay, some of the strongest beasts of burden walk proudly round the market carrying their sacks, and don't even sell. The cart-horses have it their own way. Every fool can understand sacks, and so the racer is nowhere. Memory, and knowledge, and the many sacks carry the day. Thought hasn't a chance. But thought is wanted, and the mind must be made to think.

The mind must be taught to think in shape, to translate meaning out of shape, and to translate meaning into shape. That is, train the mind, your own and other people's, whenever it sees anything,

at once to find out, what thought made the shape it sees. And, on the other hand, accustom it to take every word used, and put it into some definite shape, example, or reality. This translation and retranslation of shape into thought and words, and of words into thought and shape, awakens mind, and makes thought possible and pleasant.

Let us proceed to examples. In other words, let us put what has been said into shape, and begin our work by thinking in shape ourselves.

I must first, however, lay down as an axiom, that it does not matter in the least how simple, how imperfect, or absurd even, the shape may be, if it embodies the thought in a vivid way, as when we say, "He stood like a rock."

Here is an illustration of this on a larger scale. A friend and colleague of mine was reading with his little girl of six years old, Campbell's poem of "Lord Ullin's Daughter." She was delighted, but puzzled. There were so many persons, and so much movement. The lake and the mountain, the ferry and the road, the pursuers and pursued, got mixed up together and entangled in her poor little mind. Of course her father gave her an elaborate explanation, getting slightly out of temper in tone and word, when she still couldn't see it! He did nothing of the sort. Breakfast was just over. The table was crumby. He took the crumbs. He made one heap stand for the angry father and his company, another for the mountains, a thin circle for the

lake, a little bit of crust for the boat, two little bits of sugar for the lovers, and all was clear. His little girl took in the whole thing; she thought in shape. These few crumbs changed her world for her, perhaps for ever, gave her mind solid ground and living power, instead of leaving her suffocated under a heap of words. Those few crumbs in an able man's hand lived and imparted life. Never lose sight of the crumbs and their marvellous power. What could we, unhappy that we are, have done with our unhappy classes under like circumstances? Oh, the deadly paralysis of words, words, words! Often not understood singly, and, if understood singly, utterly bewildering when whirled round in the boiler of an elaborate, self-satisfied explanation. Oh, the curse of words and memory!

Then again, let us apply another bit of familiar knowledge.

At the battle of Wörth, at the beginning of the Franco-German War, 17,000 men were killed.

Why don't you burst into tears at this vast presence of desolation, agony, death, pain, ruin? Simply because it is not present. The figures are present. They are an arithmetical fact, all pat for an examination paper. But we don't weep for an examination paper, unless indeed we have to answer it. These many thousand deaths move you not. But I, for my part, agree with the old general, who is said to have locked himself in his room every Sunday to read Mrs. Ewing's story of "Jackanapes"

unseen. I could not trust myself to read it in public, or her "Story of a Short Life," and her "Six to Sixteen," with the death of the old French noble. Yet these are fictions, and only three, set against those many thousands of real sufferers. But the fiction is real, because it is thought in shape; the reality is unreal, because it is fact in cipher, no nearer the heart than any other bit of arithmetic. I have purposely taken these three simple narratives because they are the most transparent that I know, the most free from artificial excitement, the most direct appeal of heart to heart, exquisite in their simplicity, pure spirit, mind touching mind by the passage of light, clear and untainted by extraneous mixture; in fact, the most perfect specimens of thought in shape. Thus the unreal becomes real when it is thought in shape, and the real unreal, when ciphers are put in its place.

But figures and arithmetic are not the only ciphers. Every word not vividly understood is a cipher. We will leave common words at present, and take abstract words. The fondness of the youthful and the uneducated for general terms cannot have escaped the notice of an experienced teacher. The general terms are so convenient; like Charity, they cover a multitude of sins. Well, take the axiom, "Law kills love." I dare say you think the illustration so perfect that it conveys no meaning at all. Let us translate it into shape. A good home may

stand for love. The children in a good home are young natures undergoing training through love. And accordingly theft, gluttony, and violence, ill-temper, and all the evil passions either do not appear, overborne by the higher life and its pure atmosphere, or if they appear, are dealt with in a loving spirit. But let us suppose that the first moment a child appropriates an apple, or breaks a window, the police are called in, and the small offender taken before the magistrate. There would be an end to love. And you get at once the axiom "that law kills love," as soon as thinking in shape is practised, stamped upon the mind in clear characters; an axiom, which after all is only a condensed statement of most of St. Paul's Epistles; even as the Gospel is the other side of the same truth, namely, that love establishes a kingdom higher than law, and above it, though it is not difficult to fall down out of the kingdom of love and the family life into the realm of law, and make police-courts the choice instead of a father's love.

In this way, by thinking in shape, ciphers and memory drop into their proper place, and reality begins.

Most people, however, live in a world of ciphers. The hard facts are ciphers, the words are ciphers; nothing lives. The men and women are wooden figures, animated automatons, ciphers, too; and the successful master of innumerable cipher facts becomes a ruler, and sways senates, and deals with

delicate life as with wood. And the people—well, the less said about them, when they worship the great cipherers, the better. They have never been taught to think in shape, at all events.

But the commonest words are still worse off. What everybody knows nobody thinks about. So different is knowledge from thought. In nine cases out of ten, knowledge means the shut mind. The knower has got his x and y pat. They transact his daily work and his talk. He has collected a box-ful, he shuts down the lid, locks it, and is satisfied. But what does he really know? We will concede him at once a certain amount of bread-and-butter power; x and y do this pretty well. He can set up house; we have furnished him, perhaps, with respectable pots and a little fuel, and he is a reasonably good pot-boiler. As Wordsworth's old cook told us, when asked by one of our ladies to admire a splendid sunset—one of those glorious glimpses of heaven's great picture gallery which we sometimes get: "Lor, ma'am! I am a decent cook, and tidyish lodging-house keeper; but I don't hold with none of them sort of things." Yes, we make, perhaps, decent cooks, and tidyish lodging-house keepers—though I have heard this contradicted—but mind and sunset are nowhere. "We don't hold with them sort of things." Just look at the small amount of literature and the slight bowing acquaintance with words which our average samples of humanity have, and which yet they imagine they

know. No one ever yet heard an argument going on in an ordinary company anywhere—palace or pothouse—I believe, without becoming aware in the first five minutes that the speakers are using the same words in entirely different senses, frequently changing the senses backwards and forwards, as convenient—not from dishonesty; they have no intention of cheating or conjuring. We have mentioned abstract terms already; but take the word “liberty.” One combatant means by it the liberty of the individual to grow as he pleases; the other, the liberty of the majority to make him grow as *they* please: and neither are aware of this. All this arises from their never having learnt to think in shape. Logic can teach the right use of word-ciphers, but thinking in shape alone teaches the right use of words. Indeed, the most learned men are often the greatest sinners in this; marvelously ready with accurate ciphers and cold facts, which serve to disguise utter non-thought and confusion underneath, just as a smooth sheet of ice coats over the muddy depths and weeds below in a pond.

This is the case with the symbols they have and use. But very often there are no symbols to speak of; a practical vacuum. A question is asked. The unhappy victim tries to remember, as he calls it. But there is no memory; it is simply vacuum. Now, it is not possible to pull anything out of nothing. Cheques drawn on the Bank of Emptiness are empty. Nevertheless, three-fourths of

work, so called, are frantic attempts to draw cheques on vacuum. The beginning of this is the effort to pour into a reluctant mind some unintelligible bit of cipher knowledge, and to cork it down by punishment. It disagrees; it ferments; the cork flies out; the noxious stuff is spilt; whilst the taskmaster believes it is all right because of the trouble he took to get it in. But it isn't there for all that. Vacuum is vacuum. There is no memory, and where there is no memory to begin with, there is no memory at the end. But very often, though there is no memory, the answer is all there if the poor boy had been taught to use his mind, think in shape, frame an example, look at, and then make answers from what he sees. One lesson on a chair even would go far towards setting the mind on the right method. First the ludicrous failures to define a chair, show how far the names, that are true of things supposed to be known, fail to convey the truths that make the names. Then the drawing out from the learner a simple, clear description of the chair which is actually before his eyes, and making him really see what he sees; then the reason for each part, the thought which has taken shape in it; then what would happen if this or that part were left out; then, if possible, make him draw the chair; then let him see that the chair is a story told in wood; then lead him back to the first makers of chairs, and the sort of life that is implied in a chair, and so on; then with a firm,

strong hand drive home the fact that all this is a history of thought gradually passing from shape to shape as experience led it on ; then finish with the great truth that every shape is such a history, everything we see a living narrative, telling of movements of life to any mind that lives, a story-book capable of unfolding centuries of thought, which he who thinks can interpret ; then go on, show him that the whole world is one great illuminated volume of thought, speaking through shape, where the illuminations are beautiful and wonderful, but the power of reading what is written more glorious still.

A common chair will tell you all this, if you can read chairs, and translate shape into thought, and thought into words. And this, again, gives practice for translating words into thought and thought into shape, until the learner learns to think in shape. Every shape is life-speaking. Hence it follows that shape can be false or true, honourable or dishonourable. A sign-post can be a liar, a building a hypocrite, a room can give honour or dishonour, can glorify or insult. Nay, more, life and death can depend on a room. Christianity itself cannot lodge large families in one room in a civilised country and remain Christian. The Christianity either breaks up the one room into many or the one room breaks up the Christianity. If a stronger power fixes the one room as permanent, good-bye to the Christianity.

If, again, a stronger power kept a princess in a hovel, and dressed her in rags, such treatment shows contempt for the princess, and she would be treated as a slave by the inferiors, who in this would imitate their superiors. The hovel gives answer, every room gives answer when called on, and tells the value set on the life that lives in it.

Answer, then, ye rooms ; answer, class-rooms, from end to end of England, What is thought of lessons ; of lessons, the noblest of all work in the world ; of lessons, the sowers of light ; of lessons, the princess supreme over the children's life, the true dispensers of nobility, the royal givers of rank, the creators of the coming generations, the sovereign powers of the world, which demand unfaltering allegiance, and unquestioning loyalty ; which call for honour, courage, endurance, skill of brain and hand ; which demand self-denial, purity, health, activity of body and mind ; queens, which reject with scorn the lazy, the cowards, the self-indulgent, the mean ? Answer, class-rooms, how we treat our queens. Answer, dirt and shabbiness ; fittings hacked and mutilated, tattooed with knives, all daubed with their war-paint of ink, like an Indian savage making ready for the humanising refinements of scalping, or being scalped. Answer, walls, bare, unsightly, and grimy ; or, if not bare, grimly austere with maps, and blackboards, sanctimoniously arrayed with prim pretences of improvement, tidily repulsive, like an ill-dressed woman. Is not

the answer in a free translation: "Out on ye! out on ye, lessons, necessary animals, but mean, kept for your bacon, not for your own sakes"? And does not the school-boy answer, too? It is hard to escape something of the pig if lodged in a sty. The school-boy has not escaped, and never will, till "Honour to Lessons" is the first article in the nation's secular creed. Everything that meets the eye ought to be as perfect, according to the work and workers, as human skill can make it. Give honour, you will receive honour. I know that boys respond with honour when they and their life-work are honoured. I could speak with authority if it was fitting for me to do so. Honour to lessons is the first article in the Teacher's creed.

There are three ways of promoting honour to lessons.

First comes the room in which they are given, and all its furniture. The room itself should be decorated. The walls should have honour written on them in honourable characters. All the furniture should be as solid and handsome as suits the rank of the workers. And every room should declare at a glance its value, and the value of the work done in it.

Secondly, there should be pictures on the walls, real pictures, able to raise the mind of all who see them by their merit as pictures, as well as instructive from their knowledge power.

Thirdly, the books should be as full as possible

of good engravings of the countries, landscapes, and cities mentioned, and, not the least, with good portraits of eminent men.

Nothing not good is wanted.

Allow me to say a few words on these three heads. I have ventured to bring up several examples of wall decoration. These first are the decorations of the old schoolroom at Uppingham, which is now used as an art school, and art museum. A dado about $6\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high runs along the wall, with panelled squares along the top; then there is a coloured space of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. of wall; then a fresco line of 3 ft. under the cornice beams. Mr. Charles Rossiter is filling every one of these squares in the dado, in number seventy, with good portrait heads of the great artists from the earliest times. The space next above is hung with engravings and chromo-lithographs of some of the most famous works; and along the line under the cornice runs what I must call a fresco series of scenes from the history of artist life. There are two of them: the first, Phidias showing Pericles his Athene, and Ictinus, the plan of the Parthenon, with Aspasia, Sophocles, Anaxagoras, and Socrates introduced; the second, Apelles and his critics, and the cobbler.

There, again, is the plan of the great schoolroom. The dado is stone, and low, and does not admit of decoration. The space between the dado and the fresco line is coloured Pompeian red, and filled with

splendid autotypes of ancient sculpture and works of art, Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek. The fresco line is ornamented, with arabesque, and at short intervals medallions, with sitting figures of the famous men in literature of all times, are placed, beginning with King David and St. John, and going through a selection of the great Greeks and Romans, then taking the modern, beginning with King Alfred and Dante, and ending with Wordsworth. The windows have a border of painted glass, words of our Lord on human life from the Gospels, and arms of various houses and donors.

There is also a great historical window at the north end, representing in eight pictures the foundation of the school three hundred years ago, and its practical refoundation in this generation. At the south end there is a memorial window to commemorate the school having been the first to send out a school mission, at the suggestion of the Rev. John Foy, in April, 1869, to North Woolwich.

There are also plans for the decoration of other schools which Mr. Rossiter has designed for me. This is one, which is being carried out in the High School for Girls in Upper Baker-street, under Miss MacRae.

I would especially draw your attention to these illustrations of Æsop's Fables in double medallions, one above and one below; with the line of drawings under of the flowers, fruits, birds, insects, of the country. The principle is capable of such wide

application. How many story-books might appear on our walls !

You will doubtless object that all this is very costly. I have kept that till now. Some of it is, but much is not. Much is, I doubt not, within the reach of almost every school in England.

You see those frames of frescoes of artist life. They are oil-paintings fastened to the wall by their frames. The medallions in the great school-room are oil-paintings cemented to the walls ; others are water-colours mounted on linen, or canvas, and either framed or cemented to the walls.

This is a case of Columbus's egg ; this little fact turns in a moment every painter in England into a wall-painter without ever having to go near a wall. They can sit in their drawing-rooms, boudoirs, studios, and do it all. There are few neighbourhoods where there are not artists able and willing to paint flowers, fruits, birds, butterflies, effectively. How many a lady in the parsonage or hall would gladly ornament the village schoolroom when the work can be done at home. I believe this simple fact of framing, or cementing, the knowledge of which I owe to Mr. Rossiter, to be of world-wide importance. I believe it has opened a new era in education. I look forward in spirit to the time when every village school in the land shall have its decorations, the work of the many earnest, loving hearts and hands of the educated, who have been

eager to help, but not known how to do it. Therefore I have been at some pains to-night to make you think in shape (forgive me this little hit) by bringing before your eyes some examples of the coming revolution in walls, and the sober excesses which our poverty-stricken neighbours, the school-rooms, are prepared to break out into.

The second point is, the pictures on the walls. I think a great mistake has been made, when anything has been done, in dealing rather with works of art, and figures, than landscapes. I think photography has not seen its great educational vocation, or been called on by us to see it. Where there are many class-rooms, every room should have its speciality. One should be the English room, and be hung with pictures of the most beautiful or famous landscapes, rivers, mountains of Britain. There should be a Colonial room, an Indian room, a Bird room, a Flower room; then another should have the great Cathedrals; another Greek landscapes—Marathon, Athens, Delphi; another the Italian. The class should be able to see Trasymene, for instance, with its lake, and the great plain, lying all flat and open to the eye for many a mile, skirted on the left by those fatal hills. They might be made to march down with the Roman army the day before through ravaged lands, and ruined homesteads, laid waste by their great enemy. Then they would encamp for the night not far from the hills sloping gently down to

the green space between them and the water. There the Consul and his gallant troops entrenched themselves the night before the battle, full of fury, and hate, and revenge; and as they worked they would see in the evening light the gleam of the innocent-looking lake, and the great plain, as yet untouched by war, stretching away, mile after mile of fertile land, and wealth of corn and cattle, flat, and rich, the very picture of plenty and peace. There they passed the night, Flaminius with a haughty trust that he was the saviour of his country; his army maddened at the sight of plundered homes, and the shame of their slaughtered countrymen.

They should be made to see the camp break up on that April morning as early dawn grew grey, and those brave, confident men began their exultant march. On they tramped, the legions in their pride: a fog lay thick on the broad plain and the flat lake; but the dew was on the grass, and the brisk morning breathing in their faces, and keen delight in their strength, and life, and the rising sun fresh in their hearts; and before long they reached the fair green meadows between the lake and the hills by the side of the still waters gleaming, and the van had passed the narrow point at the end, and crowded all the pass beyond, when, hark!—suddenly—the still air rang, shattered by the blast of an African trumpet; trumpet after trumpet sounded, the sun came out, the mist rose;

and all around them, like a great wild beast, was Hannibal, and his army, in act to spring. Then came the thunder of rushing squadrons, the trampling of the horse-hoofs, the headlong charge, and a great black wave of death swept in fierce onset down the slopes, and the wild horsemen of the desert leapt upon their prey. Soon, too, the gigantic Gauls whirled overhead their huge two-handed swords, and dashed upon the foe. In vain those hardy soldiers turned to bay; borne down by weight, and rush and multitude, perforce they are pushed back into a dense struggling mass of unavailing valour and sullen despair. In vain the stubborn Roman stabbed and died. In vain for three long hours they fought with little room for fighting. Javelin and sword made ghastly space, and slowly thinned their ranks for easier slaughter, as the fierce slayers forced their way by slaying into the dense mass of helpless, huddled human flesh, and pushed the survivors into the lake to die there. Long before evening the hills rose calm and quiet again, and night came down on the great plain peaceful as before, save only for those silent witnesses, some 15,000 mangled shapes lying stark and stiff between the hills and the lake, and the spoilers busy at their horrible market of death.

In this way each Teacher, as he knows how, would turn from time to time the pictures to account; and breathe the breath of life over the wall.

This well done, even once, would teach something of shapes, big with thought, and of thinking in shape, and give a new eye for looking on the world.

I need not go on to say that there would be a German room, and above all, perhaps, a Portrait room, for good portraits are very powerful; and that each country as far as possible should be represented according to its importance, and the funds and space available. Lastly, Palestine ought to be fully placed before the eyes. The Maps ought to have a room to themselves, and great care be taken to make them as attractive as possible, by their beauty as maps, by their skilful arrangement, and respectful use. In this way no boy could even walk through the Class-rooms of a large school without being forced to notice how full the world must be of things worth seeing, and how worthy are the books that tell of them. Even without a teacher how much the walls can be made to print on the dullest mind! and with a teacher, what thinking in shape there can be! what a breathing of life into countries, and cities, river, forest, and glen! What a suggestion of unexplored regions of delight! what a whispering of liberty to roam, and adventurous holidays! what a certainty of activity of thought! Verily, the walls are very living, if in this way made to live. Many a poor hammerer-in of lessons might profitably wish himself a wall.

After what has been stated very little need be

said about the Books, all important as they are, for the same principles and treatment in the main apply to them. I would repeat, that really good landscapes, views of cities, very seldom single buildings by themselves, and portraits, are wanted, with first-rate attractive-looking plans. I lay great stress on beauty and attractiveness. Without beauty an illustration is degrading to the thing it professes to illustrate. I have brought up a little book of plans, schoolwork from America, done as Classwork by pupils between the ages of 16 and 18 in Minnesota, which has been sent me from their normal school. I think it illustrates what we want to get, and what a school can do in a practical way. They appear to me a thorough example, as far as they go, of thought put into shape in an attractive way.

These are a few of the principal ideas which appear to belong to thinking in shape, and the Pictorial mind, as a matter of practical teaching to be daily, hourly, always, put in practice.

Few, I believe, are aware of the progress which has been made in Pictorial Mind since the Parables were spoken.

Thinking in shape and Pictorial Teaching at once turn all created things into new language for thought. Every created thing becomes on the spot a possible new bit of thought, a possible new word born into the world of speech. I throw out as a suggestion for any master of language, as distinct from a doctorer of words, to examine into the

curious fact, that in the last eighty years the English language has in this way doubled itself, by flashing new light into old words, by new combinations of words, by freer use of allusions and metaphors, and by pictorial handling of its material; and that it is practically a new language in its wonderful increase in power of expression, and the breathing of new life into its shape.

For Expression goes on for ever as higher life produces high manifestation of life, feelings, and thought, in human face and form, and again becomes able by being higher, more sensitive, more sympathising, not only to see and interpret the new shapes, but to find endless riches of unknown stores of precious discoveries in the old. This is the only true path of progress.

And this we owe to the Parables. The Parables came into a heathen intellect world, which called the earth "insensate" or "the giver of food," and saw nothing but discomfort, or the comfortable, in what it did see.

The Parables came into this dead world as an entirely new revelation that all created things were thoughts clothed in shape, created for the express purpose of exciting and communicating thought; that they were language, the language of God to man, an open book for man to use, pictorial teaching. The earth and all creation become in this way known to be full of secret life. The outside remains the same in its main features, but, like an expres-

sive face, it can all be lighted up from within as soon as the living life moves ; and then the linear outlines, which are all in all to the semi-heathen eye and mind, practically disappear, transfigured and glorified by new powers of life from the inner life movement. Thus Expression and Pictorial Mind have no end, but go on for ever, whilst outline and linear grace is finite, and bounded. This is the only real progress that is possible in art, whether by art we mean literary art, or pictures, or any other of the languages that appeal to eye or ear. Art can be more expressive, Expression by laws of nature more and more renews itself in more excellent beauty, in which the actual outward shape is ever more and more merged. The inner nobility passing into a visible glory in which the bare shape is lost ; even as the Apostle saw his Lord, with a countenance as of the sun shining in its strength, so radiant that no fixed outline was seen ; and with feet that burned like fine brass in the furnace : a wonderful appearance, that is, of form without outline.

This is the goal, Expression, brought out by inward life to an extent that makes outline vanish in an effluence of mind and feeling which absorbs all other sight. This it is the special province of Pictorial Mind to see, and read, and interpret. Time forbids my dwelling on this, however little ; but this vista of infinite eternal progress is opened up by thinking in shape, and Pictorial Teaching,

and creating the Pictorial Mind, as new expressive-ness comes into sight, and demands increasingly new power to show it.

The Pictorial Mind first pictures to itself all its own ideas and thinks in shape, and secondly is ever extracting ideas new and old out of the things it sees, picturing to itself all the words it uses, translating and retranslating thought into shape and shape into thought till all things live and move for it in a universe that is living thought incarnate. The lesson book is always before it. In city or desert, church or hovel, street or field, with flower, or tree, or cloud, or sun, or animal, or bird, or insect, from end to end of all things, there is the everlasting voice crying, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear; he that hath eyes to see, let him see; for life infinite, language universal, lies at your feet for pleasure and use always." The Pictorial Mind is the only power man has that is capable of infinite progress. It is the only power that belongs to all men. It is the only power that is within reach of the poor. It can be taught. It can almost be created.

As the world goes on and knowledge increases, it will be more and more impossible to know it all, a thing which was once quite within reach. Every man, however learned, will be narrowed by degrees down to a single subject. But subjects are many. There are a thousand languages, for instance; to know how to speak even half a dozen really well is

an achievement; and so on, through the whole range of knowledge. How can any one man cope with this accumulation of facts? Boasts of knowledge therefore belong to the nursery level, betokening stupendous ignorance of man's capacity for knowing and of what there is to know. Let us get out of the nursery and betake ourselves to true progress, and men as they are.

Knowledge with its broken victuals, and its half-starved paupers snatching at the scraps, has lorded it long enough at the gate of its monastery. It is high time to turn to better things, to liberty, to the free use of active powers. Pictorial Teaching is the great agent to advance this. If it once gets fairly out of prison, and touches the world, all will be changed. And there are signs of better things. There are upheavings of discontent, the sea of living fire within is in motion. There are everywhere groanings of bondage felt, of loathing, and scorn, for the dead hand, the really dead hand, the dead, dry, hard hand of power from without set on the heart of teaching, and stopping its free pulsations. There is a rattling beginning to be heard amongst the skeletons, and bones, and specimens, and the stuffed figures, and ticketed vocabularies, and verbs with pins through them all ready to be stuck down, and all the Noah's ark assortment of the examination, inspection, scissordom repository of the manufactured world of scissordom. There is too an English-speaking world besides England, to which we appeal

not entirely in vain. Moreover, true ideas, like music, know no country, are exempt from the curse of Babel, and pass from heart to heart. Yes, there is a shaking in the valley of dry bones. It may yet be, as in the vision of Ezekiel, "There is a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. And, when I beheld, lo! the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above. And He said unto me, Prophecy unto the wind, and say to the wind, Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live; and I prophesied, as He commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army." There is a noise and a shaking, and a hope, with us too. May not we too prophesy to the four quarters of heaven where the English-speaking race over all the world is found, and call upon the breath of life to come and breathe life into the dry bones of our manufactured world, and put an end to the dead hand. There is life stirring. No true life ever dies. Kill it here, it re-appears there, and, in spite of all killing, lives. There is life in thinking in shape, and in the Pictorial Mind. And life is universal. All men have life. All men can have life trained, and raised, and taught.

The true definition of a teacher is: "One who sows seeds of life and fosters them."

Let us bury the bones that cannot live.

But thinking in shape, and the Pictorial Mind are life powers. They can bring light to the dustiest, darkest corner of memories which are strewn with the dust, and broken chips of knowledge. There will be a veritable resurrection when thinking in shape is taught.

We stand on the threshold of an almost untravelled world in beginning this work. We are bound on a voyage of discovery, a band of pioneers, yet certain of our promised land. Let the be-all and end-all of teaching be for us the thinking in shape, and the Pictorial Mind. Let our watchword be, "Liberty to teach."

AN ADDRESS TO THE CONFERENCE OF
HEAD MISTRESSES, HELD AT
UPPINGHAM SCHOOL, JUNE 10, 1887.

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EIGHTEEN years ago, on December 21, 1869, the first School Conference, I believe, that was held in England was held in this schoolroom, in which we are now met together. Most certainly, the first Conference of the Higher Schools for boys began its existence on that day in this room. It was called together after much searching of heart from a deep conviction that all the skill of the skilled workmen of English schools was truly lying, like the seed in the parable, scattered by the wayside for the birds of the air to peck at and devour, and for amateur authority to trample under foot. All lay helpless; there was no defence, no union, no central life that could speak and move. Any risk was better than this. So with many misgivings, with a very resolute and yet very cowardly heart, that meeting was called together. Between sixty and seventy invitations were sent out, and twelve finally came.

The excuses were various, and a curious study.

How often in my working life have I been reminded of Ovid's line: "*Spectatum veniunt,*

veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.” For how are the judges judged, especially when inspecting their inferiors, as they think, and dealing out self-satisfied superiority with complacent skill. Well, twelve came. And we can glory at this hour that only twelve came; so big a tree has now grown out of it, and so many branches on every side. I hold it to be a most happy omen that this same room should have the honour of being the first school-room of our public schools for boys to welcome you and your Conference to-day. A most happy omen, when I look back and consider what a little seed was sown in December, 1869, and then reflect how different in power and place, how important your assembly is as compared with our weak little life-germ; and I may add, in the highest sense truer and better than anything we masters could set on foot. Both because the rough, instrumental work of the world is done by men, whilst the fine and delicate life-power, with its influence on life, is done by the women; and also because you are fresh, and enthusiastic, and comparatively untrammelled, whilst we are weighed down by tradition, cast, like iron, in the rigid moulds of the past, with still heavier chains of modern improvement imposed by present law on our life.

The hope of teaching lies in you. Yours is the power.

It will be well to examine into the nature of power, and see if we can learn how far instrumental

force, because every fool can see it, usurps the name.

True power clearly is that essence which at last sets in motion all other things, however long the chain of movement may be before you come to it.

Let a steam-engine symbolise force; then the hand which sets the engine in motion is greater than the engine, in spite of the engine being so much stronger; and the intellect that sets the hand in motion is greater than the hand, in spite of the hand being seen to work more; and the choice of good or evil, which sets the intellect on to order the hand to set the engine at work, is greater than intellect, hand, or engine, which are all its instruments, servants, to do its pleasure.

This truth can be made plain from another side. It is self-evident that nothing which can be taken away from the possessor is the possessor himself. But the steam-engine can be taken away, and the hand remains; the hand can be cut off, and the intellect remains; the intellect can be marred, by fever, for instance, and daily fluctuates with health and digestion, but whether it is damaged or not, active or inert, the choice power remains intact. The love which decides remains: this is the ultimate moving power; this cannot be changed or taken away without destruction of the being. The unprofitable servant in the parable lost his talent, the good had others given, but both the evil and

the good remained themselves, whatever instrumental powers were given, or taken away.

That power, then, is truest which is least dependent on instrumental force, and yet can set instrumental force in motion best.

There is no question to a thoughtful mind that men are most endowed with instrumental force, and that women most set instrumental force in motion. Of what paramount importance it is then that they should do it in a sober, wise, queenly way, understanding their great mission, neither afraid, nor betraying their sovereignty by mean blandishments, nor trifling with it, but with a calm, grand confidence that it rests with them, when they are trained to know it, and do it, to create a new ideal of manly excellence, and perfect, gentle, pure, unselfish magnanimity in the world, which shall put force in its proper place as a servant of servants, and enthrone the life that moves all things in a tender supremacy of unquestioned right.

Men have tried their hand long enough as the sole teachers; their idolatry of brain-force and glorification of memory-stores have made but poor work of it. The human being has been left out. The human being must be brought in. I feel a special diffidence as well as a special pride in being allowed by you to-day to address the leaders of England who are making a new start in the history of the world, and have set a movement on foot to introduce a fresh and higher power into national

life, and purify the ways of mankind. Men at all events have tried long enough, and stuck deep enough in the ruts. The human being has been left out. The human being must be brought in. Somehow he persists in existing in spite of knowledge-shops. There has been a dreary sameness in the perpetual circle of every man and nation elbowing its neighbour out of the way, which we glorify under the name of competition: which, however, has been aptly exemplified in the old heathen down-right times, when vice was bold, and spades were spades, by "the priest that slew the slayer, and shall himself be slain." We want something new; life, not human museums. And we have it. For are not we ourselves to-day a sort of parable, and a prophecy? Very few years ago how utterly wild the idea would have appeared of this distinguished company of lady teachers meeting in the great schoolroom of this public school during term time. What a bit of pictorial teaching this is! How plainly it puts before our eyes the change that has already taken place. It speaks of a new present; it prophesies a still greater coming age; you cannot help seeing how welcome you are; how you honour us by being here, and how we delight to do you honour. I would not strike a discordant note by hinting what would have been the case twenty years ago. Nay, it is no discord. It is the undertone needed to bring out the great contrast, to swell to its rightful fulness the harmony that now is, to

lead up to the union that is yet to be between the education of men and the education of women ; a true union of two different, but harmonious powers working for the same end, with clear views what that end is, and of the harmonious differences that must combine to produce it. That end is the putting life-power and character above knowledge, heart above head, and making the life-training do this.

Let me lay down some plain propositions.

The first has already been stated, namely, that the instrument is inferior to that which moves it. The steam-engine is inferior to the hand, and the hand-strength inferior to the head-strength, and the head-strength inferior to the love, whether good or evil, that sets it all going. Instrumental power broken loose may be symbolised by the drunken navvy beating the woman he loves.

Secondly, if spiritual influence is the primary power which sets movement going, the sovereign power of woman in the world is manifest.

Thirdly, women train the childhood of the world always.

Lastly, as the world advances, every nation in proportion to its advancement gives increased honour to women.

Now these are facts. And facts sooner or later have to be faced.

The eternal facts, I mean, have to be faced, that underlie, and ultimately determine all practice,

however much for a time practice may upset, ignore, or act against them, and make its own facts, and appeal to them triumphantly as conclusive.

How small a space a generation occupies in the great onward sweep of time; say, a space of a foot measure in a river. How many eddies there are in a great river, that just swing backward their two or three feet or so, and seem to be fixed, the same backward swirl in the same place; but all the time the water flows on unheeding the permanent eddy, and its puny facts. If we were drops of water caught in such an eddy how hopeless the case might seem! how irresistible the logic of its facts! How many backwaters there are that do actually flow back; a nation, as it were, choosing to rebel against good; but nevertheless the river sweeps it all on in time, its facts and all. Yet, how hopeless it would seem to be a drop in a backwater, knowing what was right, but borne along in the opposite direction.

The onward sweep of the river is an eternal fact. The eddy and the backwater are facts of practice. There is no delusion like a temporary fact. The logic of an eddy has everything on its side excepting the knowledge of rivers. And the eddy is close, the world-plan far off; and the eddy facts are triumphantly appealed to as the "spirit of the times," "the irresistible evidence of public opinion," and this or that name, which will at once occur to you, that implies that every one who

does not swing with the eddy is a fool. Beware of self-satisfied names; fools are duped by them. Moreover, the eddy at the moment confers honour and profit, the eddy bribes heavily. So it comes to pass that fact-worshippers get to mean those who are infallible on the thing nearest, men who put a guinea on the bridge of their nose, as it were, or have it put there, and never even follow their nose, for they never see to the end of it, but turn roundabout in obedience to the golden fact planted half-way.

Now, no subject in the world has had more eddies, and more eddy facts, dealing with it, than the sovereignty of womanly excellence and the necessity of casting force from the throne it has usurped since first Eve put it there in her betrayal of love and good for the sake of knowledge and power. Yet, no question has had the great eternal fact of its law of existence put out more plainly in a grand river-like certainty of progress at last, in spite of the permanent eddy of force, and its apparent backward flow.

What eternal fact is more obviously eternal than the significant fact that the first ten years of the life of all mankind pass through the hands of women? Eddy as you please, you cannot eddy out of that.

It is true that Force has had it pretty well its own way in public life. This was a certainty in a fallen world, which had fallen through a revolt against gentleness and good.

The great permanent eddy of Force supplies the greater part of mankind with their facts. Yet, it is but an eddy, and can be seen to be so by any observant eye.

I venture to think that a few words about Force will not be out of place.

What is the eternal fact? Are there no tender things in life? Rather it may be asked, Is not life all tenderness? Tenderness by a multitudinous, quiet, loving, inward determination creating everything, maintaining everything, ruling everything, ever repairing with delicate prevailing touch the ravages made by Force, beautifying the shattered fragments, covering even ruins with a softness as of moss. But the moment Force comes in, whether to hearts or any growths of life, love and life depart. The kingdom of growth knows not Force. Force, the rat, is ever gnawing at the root of life. And life is tenderness embodied in ceaseless growth, and prevailing movement. Look at earth's great Parable. Look at the grass, the corn, with their everlasting cry of joy, and blessing, and life, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," Lord and Giver of life, over every inch of ground that lives, and every fruitful field that sustains life. Yet how tender is this omnipotence of living! How tender every blade of grass that clothes the hills with conquest. How tender the slenderness of the grace of the living corn that turns the broad plain into an endless sea of life and life-giving power. What has

Force to do with the life of grass, or wheat, or any plant, or flower that blows, or tree that spreads in prayer towards heaven? What has Force to do with the bird on its nest, or any animal that breathes the breath of life, the wild things that make their home in forest, plain, or river, or sea? Force can kill life, but it cannot give life; no, not to a worm even, or in any way touch life without hurting it. The same truth holds good with man, Force of fighting can kill. Force of law can kill evil, and destroy hindrances. But if law goes on, and in its self-righteousness lays its hand on life, it kills life too. Whenever law sets its finger on any portion of the higher life, that life dies; for the simple reason that fixity is the essence of law, and life is movement, and fixity and movement cannot co-exist. Thus law, which is the highest and holiest form of Force, becomes an angel of death when it enters the kingdom of life and love.

History might tell us something about force. The early world lived by the sword; and a pretty mess they made of it, with their conquests and their plunder. They lived by force on the work of others, on other people's lives; that is, they rotted in their own corruption. They were swept away when rotten by another wave of force-worshippers, to be in turn corrupted and swept away, wave following wave of force and corruption, a dreary monotony of successful death in an endless circle.

But when Christ planted His kingdom of life on

earth, a life-germ was set in the world as the ruling power, and Force was thrust down from the highest place, and made to serve life, even when it seemed victorious, by scavenger work of sweeping away evil and clearing off rubbish, so as to make room and space for new forms of life. In this way when the life-germ was not strong enough, and failed to master the corrupt Roman Empire, with its splendid magnificence of heathen buildings, and civilised atrocities, the Force powers were let loose, and the strong arms and destroying battle-axes of the Northmen swept temples and civilisation alike out of the world; but even whilst they were doing it a tender undergrowth of spiritual life was rising to replace it. And marvellous heart feeling was astir; and travail pangs, and birth-throes of irrepressible grandeur that found at last life and speech in the strange new language of the great cathedrals, and the order of Christian communities, and glorious buildings for God and man, were reclothing earth with unapproachable majesty of heart and mind. Whilst work and wages began to supplant war; and the nobility of labour, that grand gift of Christ to the world at large, was slowly taking the place of triumphant force, and the sword, as the honourable occupation of men. So at last, after a thousand years, out of the crash, and the triumphs of Force, and the breakage, the new birth came. Modern Europe was born, with all its splendid possibilities, and all its intricate problems of labour.

and capital, and almsgiving and idleness, and thrift and communism, each to be solved by the generation which through its own or past mismanagement has allowed difficulties to become dangers; or by duty neglected has bred lawlessness and crime.

Nevertheless, we have got thus far. Force in the shape of war is not the god of the nations any more.

Work and wages, and peace, and industry, have taken its place as the aim of manly men.

Now let us pause. This thousand years was on the whole a reign of Force. The North *men* did this bloody work of universal breakage by physical force. Do you envy that murderous onslaught? Would you in imagination glory in the thought that the North *women* had fought, and slain, and burnt, and ravaged, and marched through blood and ruin, all blood-besmeared and pitiless, and red with butchery, in their brave but brutal career of Force? Or would you rather choose to be the lovable weakness of holy life, which by living holy, though weak, brought a new birth of life into the world—a higher creation—and subdued those barbarous, but gallant, champions of Force? Oh! let the men do the dirty work of the world: leave it to them. Feel no envy for the great scavengers, the glorified destroyers, the scavengers set on to clean out all the refuse peoples and kingdoms from the streets of our Jerusalem, and cart off the rotten institutions and worn-out immoralities with their gauds and

glitter : leave it to them. There must be destruction, but it is not enviable work ; it is not your work.

This is what history tells us of the first great epoch of Christian life moving, with Force making room for it, whilst it destroyed for its own blind ends. So the great river flowed on.

Two thousand years have been spent in this first experience, and now it is over. Another world-era has begun. The drama is to be re-enacted on a larger scale. Another breakage is going on ; another irruption of force and another birth is to come. The weapons are different, but the struggle is the same. The force-powers of the hand smashed up the early world when its glory became its curse and its failure ; the force-powers of the head are now to make havoc of civilisations that have failed. Science and intellect, with their railroads, and telegraphs, and steam, are dashing all mankind together in one great fighting mass of forceful, self-glorious, destroying energy, to which nothing is sacred, not even its own pride. And the modern world is to be destroyed, even as the old world was destroyed, and for the same reason : because it has failed to grow with the life, and hardened itself into shapes too narrow for the growing life, and dammed the stream of life back, and forced it to stagnate, and made itself into a prison, and lost its light and its expansion. So it is to perish. It is to be burst up by the foul gases it has generated. A great

triumphant breakage by the lust of the head, and the vain-glorious intellect, and the ignorant lawlessness of evil repressed, but not humanised, by the higher power, is on foot. The intellect is let loose, and a Force which turns the world upside down, putting its interpretation above the creation it has to interpret, rating a speck it has studied higher than infinity, valuing its own footnote more than the great volume of the universe; hunting, as it says, for truth, not knowing that truth is doing at the moment what at the moment is known to be right! strength of life, not strength of brain—this fighting energy is let loose, and the destroying has begun. And the whole world poured together in one great whirlpool of creeds, habits, idolatries, worships, ignorances, and omnisciences, may need thousands of years before the mud settles and the great river clears again. The drunken navy is abroad, law is being paralysed, and he is likely for a time to have it pretty well his own way. But oh, leave it to men to do the dirty work of the world; to overthrow for a time in the general crash the beautiful and true old shapes, and to scavenge out of existence for ever the decayed and rotten forms of worn-out decrepitude that have served their time or failed.

Force-power of hand or head only touches life to destroy, and yours is the kingdom of life. Search through the world, you will find it true. Force at best is a hewer of wood and drawer of water. Life

knows not Force excepting as a servant of servants in a true world.

It is your sovereignty to see this. It is your sovereignty to leave men to do the coarse work, whilst you govern by the unconquerable power of life and the tenderness of gracious life, whose weakest glance is stronger than all instrumental power, whether of hand or head.

The eternal fact which condenses this truth into a great practical reality is this: Everything is woman's work in which life is highest and Force is below.

Both men and women have force-powers, and use them. A woman has arms; a woman has feet. No one, excepting the Chinese, would destroy the feet; and not even the Chinese have yet cut off the arms. But the prize-fighter and the athlete make arms and feet their vocation. The mental prize-fighters and athletes make head and brainwork their vocation. Head-athletics are no better in principle than feet-athletics; but, in denouncing athletics as the highest vocation, no insult is offered to head, or arms, or feet. No counsel is given to cut them off, or to depreciate their living exercise in an excellent way. We do not want the Chinese foot plan extended and transferred to the head; as Europe has done all too much in the case of its women. Heads *à la* Chinese must be abolished. Women must have thoroughly healthy instrumental power of their own, both in head and limb. Life

works by instruments; and the civilised man who would prevent women from doing good work is as much a savage as the savage who sleeps or fights whilst he makes women do the labour he ought to do himself.

Women have to use influence; and, however they are dealt with, do use it. Where is the right influence to come from? It can only come from a right training of body and mind.

Mark what the influence in the first instance is.

The whole world of mankind for the first ten years of their existence is sent in a continuous stream through the hands of women. This is the great river rolling seaward. This is an eternal fact; no eddy. The training and moulding of character by women is an eternal fact.

Women are teachers by a law of nature. This is emphatically woman's work.

Character-training—for the child is yet too young to be hammered along in the hack-intellect omnibus. Character-training, under sweet influences of home and gentle teaching.

Where, then, is this to come from, this power of moulding character?

The answer is, or ought to be, the key to the problem of the life of the world.

The data are simple: tender growth in the hands of tender but skilful womanhood.

From this beginning all manhood starts.

This is the key to woman's mission.

This is the key to the true progress of the world.

No eddy can get rid of the onward sweep of this great river.

To form character requires character-power. Character-power requires all good life-knowledge of all real factors of life, combined with the perfection of trained skill.

Perfect life-knowledge requires such a mastery of all instrumental powers of limb and head as is necessary to understand and use them.

Such a mastery demands that women should be trained in limb and head, not as champions of limb and head, but as thoroughly capable in both, so as to be moulders of the character of the world.

This defines accurately the aim and object of all womanly excellence in all things belonging to education.

And eternal fact demands that they shall be educators of the world—heart-educators.

This also points out in how many fields of refined feeling and delicate power in art and literature women will excel men, when fair play is given them ; and where they will not do so. Where force is paramount they will not do so. Leave men to do the coarser work. Be content with the queenly life-power that moulds and rules.

There is, however, a good old saying, often neglected, that you cannot teach what you do not know. The teachers must first be taught. Who that realises this can fail to rejoice in the great

movement of teaching and training now going on, which this Conference so excellently represents? This is a great epoch. I believe it to be the first time in the history of the world that a well-considered course of action has been set on foot by a natural movement of the life itself for training women in general to do their true work in life. Efficiency in life is the question. If efficiency in life is not produced, it will be a heavy blow to the good cause. If, like the Board Schools, life-power is dropped, and a scramble for fragments of knowledge put in its place, the good cause will receive a fatal check.

Character-moulding, or, in other words, the creation of power that rules the world of instrumental force, will always be your main work. There you are queens supreme, and it is the supreme work of the world. It is your grand privilege to make goodness lovely and lovable, and by your very presence to diffuse a kind of sacred atmosphere wherever you move, if you are true to your high mission; which is to show to all the world the omnipotence of the weakness of beauty, when beauty means, as it ought to mean, the purest thought and feeling in its truest shape. This is Christianity. "Whatsoever things are lovely, think of these things." This is Christianity. The Crucifixion has set in letters of light and flame on all creation the glorious truth, that a weakness which dies at the hand of force because it is good, is immortality, and

life, triumphant by its own inward power of life, is divine, is of God, is God with us.

You who are weak in force-power have to prove this as Teachers. And as Teachers, you will want all the strength of heart that religion can give when your weakness is matched against the trials of life. It matters comparatively little what knowledge is taught. Who are the Teachers? is the real question. What the Teacher is, and how the teaching is done, that is all in all. I do not understand how anyone can keep fresh as a Teacher, when the first enthusiasm has worn off, excepting from a feeling of doing work for Christ. Neither do I understand what knowledge is to do to make better lives, unless it is guided by religion. Nero was a very accomplished man. And we need not go back to Nero for examples of men, whose splendid knowledge and ready tongues have only made them more consummate evil-doers, and more elaborate artificers of pernicious delusions and ambitious falsehoods. Not what is taught, so much as the spirit in which it is taught, makes the difference; above all, the character of the Teacher. True Teachers cannot be knowledge-hacks. Set hacks to drag a knowledge omnibus, and farewell to Teachers. And you—you, the moulders of character, how can you mould character without the one great character-power? Lives are committed to you, not heads, not animated steam-engines, or intellectual navvies. You have to justify this great new movement by the efficiency of

the lives you train. It is now certain that this great movement cannot be crushed. So far success is assured. But very jealous eyes watch its progress, and are looking at its outcome. You have to justify the movement in every English home by increased efficiency in home life. All new movements are criticised ; that is but the common lot. Never fear that. All new movements are open to criticism ; there must be mistakes ; never be discouraged by that ; pathfinders of necessity get a little mud. It is very possible to be too clean. Shame on the pioneer whom his tailor would praise. Moreover, ages of experience under the force-idolatry of men have not made things so delightful that you need be afraid. If education means making the most of each and all, and giving to everyone a fair chance, simply it does not exist. How many minds of the young are mere lumber-rooms, small, untidy, with nothing in them but dirty bits of old finery and a few blunt tools ? How many distinguished individuals are nothing more than second-hand book-shelves, vilely disarranged ! Others, again, are just dust-bins full of sweepings of police reports, yellow-backs, Latin grammar leaves, broken ink bottles, and other rubbish. And worst of all are those non-human manufactures, the opposite to Chinese feet, the big heads, the human bull-dogs, all skull and jaw : those bodiless heads, with their squirmy, shrunken carcasses, from which all feeling and sympathy have been dried out ; those dwarfs

who know everything except human life and practice ; those chemical alembics of distilled books ; those automaton rulers of a world which unhappily is alive. How can they and the system which glorifies them cavil if a few women do turn out unpractical ? Defend us from the goggle-eyed, giant-headed dwarfs, with their shrivelled anatomies, male or female, say I. Knowledge set above feeling has cursed the world long enough.

Let us, then, be content to make sure of a great cause, and be regardless of criticism, true or false, excepting so far as we can learn from it.

You have to mould character from babyhood onwards. Bear in mind every untaught, untrained mind is a baby mind ; and even Newton began by being a baby. Here, in my judgment, lies the great sin of men as Teachers. They will persist in shutting their eyes to the real work they have to do, namely, teach immature baby minds, because some few, on whom they have bestowed extra pains, are not babies. So they leave them babies still, as they have not attempted to do anything with them as they actually are. Avoid this sublime error.

The air is full of aerial disquisitions and philosophic terms. Big words have a peculiar charm for non-thinkers and half-thinkers. The blessed word "Mesopotamia" will never die out of schools. The philosophy may be all true, very gospel in its way, but nevertheless (it may be my misfortune), almost all that have heard or read of it belongs

to another world from our child-world; and is much the same as the birds of the air dealing with the fishes of the sea, and has no more to do with baby mind than an eagle with a mollusc. We do not claim to pass judgment on the flight of eagles, or demonstrate the laws of wings, but we do try to be authorities as to how to teach the average mind; we do try to understand the simple processes by which baby mind is given healthy growth, and to make it grow. Let us fix our hearts on the baby mind, the immature, growing young creature, the average child, boy or girl; do that, and I will venture to say you will never lose sight of your great function of moulding the character of the world. You will never forget that the young world, all of it, passes through your hands always.

There is another eternal fact equally unforgettable when once seen, the eternal fact of helpfulness, which is yours. The divine privilege of being helpers. Woman was created to help: to make good, that is, the deficiencies of the world of man; to come in in times of strain and trial to relieve and cheer; to take, as it were, on themselves the part of angels on earth, ministering spirits, good Samaritans to succour the wounded, standing somewhat apart from the fray, to bring hope, and kindly, gentle support: in a word, "helps meet for man." And here again we meet the double truth which has attended us all along, of a higher and more sovereign influence, committed to your hands, and

of true working power: the truth, which this Conference embodies, of trained working skill. For how can they help, who know not how to work? We meet again the truth, which has accompanied us from the beginning, that man in no mean spirit is intended to do the rough work of the world, while it is the divine mission of women to follow on his work, to put the finishing touches, to help, and bind up, and soothe, and cheer, and throw a halo of gentler life round this hard, warring, daily contest of good and evil struggling and toiling in their pain. Work-power is wanted. You are busy in giving it: but it is helpful work-power, not destroying; gentle work-power, not forceful.

This once more fixes definitely woman's domain. Woman is a fellow-worker with man in an harmonious but independent sphere; man, the rough shaper and fighter; woman, the helper, healer, and queen of the inner life. These two, character-moulding and helpfulness, condense all that can be said upon the subject. No one can go wrong who is loyal to these two. Remember, out of this comes also the truth that it is your special business to make goodness lovable, it is your business to be lovely in mind and body. Force is not lovely, not lovable; the moment force is allowed to assert itself in a character, it destroys love. The old golden-mouthed preacher, St. Chrysostom, gave utterance to a sentence, which is perhaps the greatest practical truth in earth and heaven that

ever came from lips not directly inspired, when he said: "Those who love prefer obeying to commanding." Prefer it. How gladly when we love do we long with unutterable yearning to do some service, some act of obedience, some devoted deed, which shall show the love, and prove it, by laying down before the feet of the beloved all things, even life itself. Thus a true world would be inhabited by beings earnestly striving to do all the most laborious or painful duties for one another with a glad alacrity; the highest striving most. And it is a marvellous thing that such an unselfish fire divine should be found burning in this low world of force-idolaters: marvellous, that womanhood by its very presence should make the strong stoop, and the proud lay aside their armour, and bow even the lowest of the low before this altar-fire of God. And quite apart from what is called love, a noble woman, like a star, radiates pure light round her as she moves, and the basest even, all unconsciously draw healthier breath; and evil thoughts, and evil words, and evil deeds, slink away, and feel some perception of brighter things.

This great unconscious faculty of scattering light leads up to the last summit and crown of earthly life, the final revelation waiting—waiting patiently, all ready to spring into living life whenever earth has been purged enough to let it live, that grand revelation, that all life on earth, men and women alike, is to be cleansed and glorified

into the supreme excellence of womanly perfection, and that glorified humanity is the Bride of Christ.

And here I close, though much needs to be said, for the subject is too great for speech, far too great for a few words at the end of our time. Here I close. But all I have said leads up to this solemn certainty of the life that is yet to be, in earth, in heaven, when force shall be cast out from the kingdom of life, and all mankind shall recognise and acknowledge this great and last revelation of the gentleness and loveliness of true life; and glorified humanity here and hereafter shall be purified into the perfection of womanhood, and presented to Christ as the Bride.



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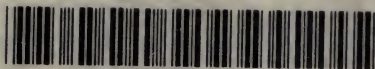
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